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[LOO'S GRATITUDE.]

## POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

#### LADY TRAVERS.

"The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth."  
SHAKESPEARE.

"THERE was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure," repeated Mabel Travers aloud as she walked into the small room which she called her study, and where she was usually safe from intrusion. "I suppose," she went on painfully, "that what was true of St. Paul is true of all of us; we have all a thorn in our flesh of some kind or other, and Aunt Margaret is mine; well, like the apostle, I must pray for grace and strength to endure it. Heigho!" and she sat down in a state of weariness and irritation, while her hands wandered slowly and without thought or purpose over the keys of the piano.

She had become a little calmer, more like her usual self, when a tap at the door was followed by the entrance of a servant, who announced:

"Mr. Marker, miss."

"Show him into the drawing-room—no, bring him here, and when I ring twice bring in Miss Loo."

"Yes, miss."

A few seconds later and Robert Marker was before her.

"How are you, to-day? and how is your charge?" he asked, as he took her hand; then, noticing the pain on her face that had not disappeared, he added:

"Something has occurred to annoy you; nothing serious, I hope."

"Nothing very serious," she replied, trying to smile, "and of course it is my own fault for enduring it, but Aunt Margaret has been suffering from neuralgia this morning, and it has affected her temper until she has said such things about poor little Loo that I feel as though it were impossible for us to live under the same roof any longer."

"I would not live with such an old cat if I were you; why don't you send her away or leave her?"

"It would seem unkind, and we have the memories of the past to bind us together, besides, she is so proud and unbending that she would not accept an income from me, and you know she has lost all her own money; you don't know what a woman she is. I think she would consider it a kind of triumph to go and make herself chargeable to the parish. She is always threatening to do it. To-day she has vowed she will do so unless I will send away poor Loo."

"The woman must be mad, I wish you would let me talk with her."

"I shall be very thankful if you will, for give up the child I won't, whatever report she likes to circulate about me."

And the lady closed her lips firmly.

She was eight and twenty, rich, with no one to control her, and with a history in the past that had crushed out most of the romance of life, and yet, her own mistress as she might have been considered, she was tyrannised over to an almost unbearable extent by one who was dependent upon her for even the barest necessities of life.

"I'll have a chat with her at once," said Robert Marker, with decision, "and I flatter myself I will bring her to a more reasonable frame of mind."

"It will be little short of a miracle if you do," was the answer as Mabel rang the bell and ordered the servant to inform Lady Travers that Mr. Marker desired to see her.

"I should not be surprised at her refusing to see you," said the lady, with a sigh. "She is in such a temper to-day."

But in this she was mistaken. Lady Travers wanted some one to whom she could abuse her niece, and she was far too grand a lady to condescend to do so to one of the servants; but Mr. Robert Marker was different. He was her niece's friend, she half suspected her lover—and this was a glorious opportunity for venting her spleen.

"Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, sir," was the message which the servant brought, and the young surgeon followed her to the presence of the would-be tyrant.

A stately little woman, who could never have been more than five feet nothing, and was now but four-feet something, sat in a straight-backed Elizabethan chair, herself as unbending as the carved wood against which she disdained to lean.

Her face was sallow, faded and wrinkled, though it had once been pretty; her abundant hair rippled in silver waves from her forehead, and was surrounded by a dainty cap of rich lace that many a younger matron might not have disdained to wear.

But though no effort was made to hide the signs of age, time could never quench until death extinguished the intense life and vitality that shone out of her face.

Her black eyes were like two brightly burning bituminous coals of fire, her eyebrows were still black as night and almost met over the small, beak-like nose, while her thin, thread-like lips and firmly cut chin spoke of a will and pertinacity which it would take much to daunt or turn aside, added to an absence of sentiment, affection, or tender feeling equally unusual in a woman.

Of course she was richly dressed; a woman of her stamp would as soon have thought of making a practice of going out of doors without wearing gloves, as of putting on a dress that did not add to her importance by its abundant costliness.

To-day she wore a black brocaded silk with a train which, when she condescended to stand or walk, hung in folds for at least half a yard on the ground, and this, with her high-heeled boots or shoes likewise added to her height, and, alas for the vanity of mortals, also she believed to her dignity.

On the fingers of her small shrivelled hands gleamed several valuable diamonds, while the real lace she wore round her neck and wrists was also fastened with diamond brooch and studs; she looked indeed like an old duchess who had survived from the court of Louis le Grande, for she had really made a study of the character, and got herself up to imitate it, but alas for her, it was nothing but show; her lace and jewels—few enough in number—was all she was possessed of in the world, except what was given to her through the kindness of her niece.

Her husband—an architect—had been knighted for his design of some public building, but he died a few years after not only penniless but a bankrupt, having involved many others in his ruin, and though his wife reviled his memory, she was not too proud or too independent to accept a home from his relatives, who in her prosperity she had done her best to injure.

But she could not even do this graciously, and her eyes danced with malicious pleasure as Robert Marker presented himself before her in anticipation of the humiliation she would inflict upon her niece.

"I heard you were not well to-day," said the young man, his handsome face beaming upon her. "That's true enough, but you are not my medical man; I don't put myself in the hands of a boy like you. Besides, how can I be well when I am treated in this house as I am?"

"You are treated badly?" with a half-sympathetic, half-incredulous smile.

"Infamously! I am going away."

"Ah! On a visit to your friends, I presume?"

"Friends! Yes, I am going to the workhouse, that is where the widow of Sir Augustus Travers is to find a home. The workhouse! What do you think of that, Mr. Marker. The world is coming to something, is it not?"

She rose to her feet in her excitement, and paced up and down the room, her head erect, her rustling train sweeping indignantly after her, while Robert Marker, with a quaint smile on his face, sat and looked on.

Finding she was making but little impression at last she paused and looked at him.

"I was trying to imagine you in workhouse costume," he said, gravely; "diamonds and silks and lace, and luxurious living would all be things of the past. It is a great pity you have offended your niece. Would you like me to try to smooth the matters between you? The hardships you will encounter are beyond your imagination, and remember, no one will have to endure them but yourself."

"Hardships! My niece offended! You don't seem to understand, Mr. Marker. It is I who am offended—I who decline to be made a cloak for suspicion, if not for absolute immorality. I say that it is a highly improper, immoral, and indecent thing for a young woman like my niece, who if not young is still not old enough to be above suspicion, to bring a child into the house and boldly adopt it as her own. I wonder you, Mr. Marker, did not stamp out the idea at once. If she must keep the child let her send it away somewhere in secret and pay for it; but to bring it here! I never saw anything more shameless in my life, and I will go away this very week before I will be a party to such conduct!"

As he listened to this tirade Robert Marker's handsome face hardened, a light rarely seen there came into his soft, grey eyes, and though he still smiled you could see that he was capable of amputating a limb without himself so much as moving a muscle.

"I don't quite understand you, Lady Travers," he said, coldly; "what do you wish to imply? that the presence of poor little Loo, whom I found before your niece ever saw her, annoys you?"

"Certainly it does. You may have found the child, in a tone which implied that she did not believe it," but people will talk."

"Yes, I should think you are particularly sensitive as to what the world says, are you not?"

It was not the question but the glance and implied sneer that made Margaret Travers' blood run cold for an instant.

But she rallied to the fight.

She had been accustomed to sweep all before her by sheer strength of will through life, and she would not be baffled or daunted now, when a little persistence might ensure success.

"What do you mean?" she asked, boldly; "are my husband's sins mine?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, "but I came across a very odd story the other day in which your

name was mixed up; not that it matters; but to return to the subject we have been discussing, Miss Travers assures me that nothing shall induce her to give up the child."

"Very well, she chooses between us; and you mean to tell me that she will send me to the workhouse, for the sake of a strange child? Bah! who will believe it. Won't she stamp herself at once by the action? I, who should have been her mother if my poor dear Frederick had lived."

Again the silk train rustled up and down the room.

The ancient virago felt she was getting the best of it.

As for Robert Marker, he sat with his hand shading his face, watching this woman, reluctant to use the weapon he could exercise if he chose, for he was tender-hearted even with an old cat like this, and held the theory but rarely believed in, that repentance and reformation is as possible for a woman as for a man, and a certain feeling of chivalry kept him from even implying a threat of what it was in his power to perform.

At last he rose to his feet, and said coldly:

"I am sorry you have come to this resolution for many reasons; but for your own sake particularly. If you have decided to go, my mother will come and ask Miss Travers and Loo to visit her for a time, until she has found some friend to live with her, it is possible also that she may marry."

"Marry!" the old lady paused in her stately promenade over the rich carpet to repeat the word. "Marry!" she went on, "she vowed when my son died that she would never marry!"

"What we say and mean to-day is not always true of to-morrow," was the diplomatic answer. "What day do you propose changing your silk attire for cotton, Lady Travers?"

"I don't know," curtly; "I don't mean to be hurried or influenced by anyone, and I shall please myself."

"Of course you have no one else to consider; but I have not seen Loo yet, and the child is not strong. Good morning, Lady Travers. Don't send for me when you assume your new garb, for the change won't be pleasant, and I always like to see a lady dressed as one."

No answer.

Her ladyship did not like the course the conversation had taken, and, for about the first time in her life, she thought it might be just as well to take wit in her anger, and not make any rash step which she might afterwards find it difficult if not impossible to retrace.

If Mabel were married then there would no longer be a home for her, and if she married Robert Marker, it was quite evident from his remarks that she would be anything but a welcome guest.

And after all, becoming chargeable to the parish to spite and humiliate your friends and to do so from dire necessity were widely different things, and Lady Travers sat down in her comfortable chair, to think more calmly about it.

But meanwhile the invitation had been given, only to be repeated as a matter of form by Mrs. Marker herself, and it was decided that Miss Travers and poor Loo should go down to Sidcup Bay to visit the young surgeon's mother, whether he promised soon to follow, and Loo kissed him gleefully, both of them little dreaming of the time when such a career would thrill the hearts of both of them, and make all the world seem new.

## CHAPTER XI.

### "THERE IS A SWEET AMIABLE ORATOR."'

"Oh, when she's angry she is keen and shrewd,  
She was a vixen when she went to school,  
And though she is but little she is fierce."

SHAKESPEARE.

POOR Loo, unconsciously enough, had made herself an enemy.

How she had done it, in so far as it might be her own fault, it would be difficult to say, yet such was the fact nevertheless, for Lady Travers had decided not to go to the workhouse.

For the first time in her life the old woman admitted herself thwarted, baffled, and obliged to partake of that very unsavoury dish, "humble pie," and though she ate the portion allotted her completely but without any show of relish, she vowed in her heart to be revenged upon the little nameless interloper who had been the cause of her discomfiture.

A mean, contemptible thing for an old woman to wage an unprovoked warfare against a comparative infant, whose presence in the house she objected to, but then, Lady Travers was mean, and would hesitate at nothing that could inflict pain or discomfiture upon anyone she hated.

Had Mabel Travers suspected the real state of the

case, or could she have had the least glimpse into the possible future, she would have taken great care that the child and her aunt should have two separate habitations, but how could she dream that the old woman would ever have the inclination or the power to work her darling any injury, and thus she drifted on, taking no thought of the quicksands which were ahead.

The visit to Mrs. Marker had been made, Lady Travers remaining in the house at Notting Hill during their absence, and trying to reconcile herself to the galling consciousness that she must submit to the presence of the child to whom she had taken such an unreasoning dislike, while Mabel and Loo went off to the seaside.

But as Lady Travers termed it, "nothing came of the visit," of a matrimonial character at any rate; Robert Marker did not propose to Mabel Travers; indeed they were far too good friends to drift into the perilous sea of love, and moreover the lady was three or four years his senior, a fact which she seemed to assume gave her the privilege of treating him as a younger brother.

So the visit lasted for some time, ended pleasantly, and they all came back to London in the early days of October, firm and devoted friends as ever.

And now began the question of Loo's education. Almost six years of age she not only could not read or write, but was as profoundly ignorant of the first principles of knowledge as a child of two, and Mabel Travers determined to make arrangements with her sister so that Loo could be taken daily to her house and receive instruction from the resident governess engaged to teach Mrs. Dorset's step-sons and daughters.

For Mrs. Dorset was a second wife, having married a comparatively rich widower, who was at the time the father of six children, to whom a couple of years after the marriage was added a seventh, little Teddy Dorset, who from his very birth had been a bone of contention between his six half-sisters and brothers.

It is a pity that a second marriage should often bring domestic misery with it, yet such is usually the case.

Leaving his family out of the question, Medwin Dorset and his second wife would have been as happy as two human beings could be, for she was pretty, amiable, and greatly attached to him, having undertaken her new duties with a keen sense of her responsibilities and a determination to be a second mother to her husband's children.

Easily resolved upon, but with rebellion on every side, the possibility of governing by mild, firm gentleness is rarely a matter of fulfilment.

Kind firmness will tame a savage animal, we are told, but the same means are not always successful with half-a-dozen self-willed, antagonistic step-children, and after a whole year honestly spent in the endeavour to reconcile the incongruous elements into which she had fallen, Elaine Dorset gave up the attempt, and henceforth ruled her household with an iron hand.

Then it was that the children found out what it really was to have a step-mother, whose will was of more importance than their own whims and fancies, and what before had been trifling disobedience and petty warfare, now resolved itself into tyranny on one side and open discontent and defiance on the other.

As the children might have expected, however, their father took the side of his wife. It was indeed at his suggestion that she had abandoned the course of entreaty and remonstrance which she had tried for a whole year in vain, and now made them feel that she possessed a will compared to which theirs were but as ropes of sand.

It was a week after their return from the sea-side, and Mabel Travers had taken Loo with her on a visit to her sister's, partly to sound the latter and her husband on the subject of the child's education, and also with the view of giving her some companions for the afternoon more of her own age than she generally met.

The Dorsets lived at Grove House, K-nings-ton, and the walk across from Notting Hill was but trifling.

"Dear Mabel, how glad I am to see you," was her sister's cordial greeting. "And that is the child you wrote to me about? What a sweet little thing! Come and give me a kiss, my dear, and tell me your name."

"Poor Loo," was the answer, as she lifted her face for the caress.

"Rich Loo, I should think, now you have found such kind friends to love you. See what I have got here in this basket? A five doll. Would you like one like it?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

And the child bent down and kissed the baby boy



of some twelve months old, whose big blue eyes were looking up at her.

"Well, Freddy shall come out and you shall play with him; but he must kiss his auntie first."

After which the sturdy little fellow, very willing to make friends with the new-comer, began to creep about on the carpet, and tried to catch the small, coloured balls which were rolled towards him.

"I have always something to worry me," observed Mrs. Dorset, as the sisters sat by the fireside. "Miss Finch, my governess, who suits me capitally, has just asked for an increase of salary, and I really cannot afford to give it; so I suppose she will go away. Somebody else has offered her twenty pounds a year more than I give her. She would rather stay with me, she says, but the children are tiresome, I know, a d of course, twenty pounds a year more is a serious consideration."

"So is it. Suppose I pay it, and you let Loo join the children in the schoolroom? I could send her over in the morning and for her in the afternoon. What do you say? I should not object to bearing a little more of the expense if you care to entertain the suggestion."

"I should be very glad, for my part," replied her sister, "but of course I must speak to Medwin about it. He will be home to dinner at seven. Of course you will stop and dine with us, and we can discuss the question. We will not allude to it till the children are out of the way. I don't want their voices in the matter."

"Very well; but how are you getting on with them?"

"Not at all well. I never saw such young demons in my life. They are up to every kind of mischief and wickedness. If Miss Finch leaves me I shall persuade Medwin to send them away to school; I should get a little peace and quietness then."

"But surely they cannot be all alike. Constance and Herbert at least are old enough to know better, and the younger ones cannot be utterly unmanageable."

"They would not be if it were not for those two, but they do nothing but incite them to wickedness. Conny is the worst of the lot, she is too old to go to school. I only wish I knew what to do with her. Ah!"

The exclamation was caused by the door being opened somewhat abruptly, and the entrance of a tall, slight girl of about sixteen.

Good-looking as far as form and features were concerned; her big, round grey eyes so widely opened gave an idea of beauty, allied to a kind of wild cruelty, and to a fanciful observer would suggest a strong likeness to the Secretary bird to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, which gives proof of his savage nature when the keeper throws it a dead rabbit, by stamping upon it with as much vindictive force as it would display if, as for the moment it believes, its prey were alive.

A warning of danger is what Constance Dorset's face suggested; the thin lips drawn together like one red line, the square chin, the slightly prominent cheek bones, and the pretty but empty looking forehead, added to those stange eyes, made the two women in whose presence she came instinctively look at the floor on which the children were disporting with almost as much apprehension as a couple of hens would regard the approach of a strange cat near their brood.

On she came, however, careless whether she trod upon the children or not, and scarcely noticing Mabel Travers, who looked at her and asked how she was; she paused near her step-mother, though half lounging on a table before she spoke and said:

"Herbert is going to a theatre to-night and wants some money to spend. I haven't got any to give him or I shouldn't come to you, and Miss Finch is mean and won't lend him any."

"Herbert is not going to a theatre unless his father gave him permission," replied Mrs. Dorset; "you can tell him so; and if he has spent all his pocket money he will have to go without till next week."

"He hasn't asked papa, but he means to go, and I have promised him he shall," and the girl, as she looked down on her step-mother, seemed still more like the bird, and as though she were ready to stamp the other to death.

But the other never quailed as she said, coldly: "You have my answer. Ask Georgie if he would like to come and play with baby."

"You had better send a servant with your message," was the retort, as the girl, carrying herself proudly enough, walked out of the room.

"There is a sweet, amiable creature," said Mrs. Dorset, turning to her sister. "She has promised Herbert he shall go to the theatre in defiance of us all, and she means to keep her word."

"But what about Herbert himself? Is he equally ready to defy you and his father?"

"He would not be but for her; but she idolizes him and incites him to every kind of disobedience. I am very sorry, but the time will come when either or both of them will have to leave home; if I would endure it much longer their father won't let me."

"And you think kindness will not tame that girl," asked Mabel, reluctantly.

"I am sure it won't, for I have tried it. I denied her and the other children nothing, indulged them every possible way, almost neglected my husband to devote myself to them, and I received but insult and disobedience in return, though after all the others would not be so bad if Constance were away."

"What will happen if Herbert does go to the theatre after what you have said?"

"I don't know, the last time there was a bother of the kind; his father said it should be the last. He is as wary of this constant contention as I am."

"Had you not better speak to Herbert? It would be only kind to try to save him from incurring punishment," suggested Mabel Travers, while Loo stopped in her play with the baby, to listen and wonder at what was being said.

"I will if you like, but it is useless. I have had these scenes over too many times not to know how it will end; if it were not for baby, much as I love my husband I think I should run away from it all. Their mother was rather mad, I believe, and the children are wholly bad; but we will have Herbert here, and you can try your eloquence upon him."

A few minutes later a tall, lanky boy of fifteen, with a face that denoted obstinacy and cunning, despite otherwise being good-looking, stood where ten minutes before his sister had come to prefer a demand rather than a request on his behalf.

Unlike her, however, he shook hands with Miss Travers and stared at Loo, exclaiming:

"What a beauty! Give us a kiss."

But Loo drew back with dignity, mite as she was, and replied:

"I don't kiss boys."

"Oh, but I'll have one," and he caught the child in his arms, while she fought, screamed, and Mabel rushed to the rescue.

Screaming is infectious, and the baby on hearing Loo cry began also to exorcise his lungs, and before the tumult had been quelled Mr. Dorset himself came in, and the children, Loo included, were sent off to the nursery and schoolroom for the time being.

"I'll teach you to scream whatever I do to you," exclaimed Herbert, savagely, when he found poor Loo in the schoolroom having tea with the four younger children half an hour afterwards, "and I'll give you a dose to begin with," and he advanced towards her threateningly.

Too much afraid to cry out, Loo crouched with terror, wondering what evil was about to befall her, when Miss Finch, the governess, interfered.

"Leave the room, Herbert, if you can't behave yourself," she said, sharply, "or I shall send at once for your father," and knowing that this woman, at any rate, would be obeyed, the boy, who was a rank coward, slunk away.

But Constance kept her word and sent her brother to the theatre that night in spite of everybody, giving him a little ring to sell to provide himself with money, and her eyes gleamed with wild triumph on her step-mother when the latter asked that night where Herbert was; the insane idea had come into the girl's head that in such a contest she should succeed in driving her step-mother away, and failing that she was determined to make her life one long period of torture to her.

Loo, too, had earned her dislike by being the cause of her brother's expulsion from the schoolroom, and as some people live in this world to do good, so others only breathe and exist to work evil, and of the latter class was Constance Dorset.

Truly, for herself and all connected with her, it were better she had never been born.

## CHAPTER XII.

"AND WHAT MAY THY WORSE BE?"

"What dares not a woman when she is provoked?"

Or what seems dangerous to love or fear?"

FLETCHER.

Two years have passed since the events recorded in my last chapter, and but comparatively few changes have taken place in the life and condition of Loo Travers, for such is the name by which she is now known.

Lady Travers has nursed her enmity with a care and pertinacity such as only a woman with but few objects in life could bestow upon one evil thought, until the hope of being one day able to vent her

spleen had become the principal aspiration of her existence.

Unconscious of the extent of it, yet knowing she was disliked, the child instinctively avoided the old woman, though there was no great effort required to do so, since the greater portion of her time was spent at Kensington, in the house of Mrs. Dorset.

An arrangement, as Mabel Travers had suggested, had been made with Miss Finch to remain and take Loo as an extra pupil.

Like all people who came in close contact with the lovely child, Mary Finch loved her almost as though she had been her own, her difficulty being among so many bad-natured, bad-tempered children, to avoid showing her preference.

And, indeed, Loo and little Freddy, Mrs. Dorset's own child, were the only really lovable children in the whole house, if one may except the baby, who was only a few weeks old, and therefore had no opportunity as yet of giving any decided indication of what its temper and character might be.

Though Miss Finch was a highly educated woman and a first-rate instructress, she was likewise like a true woman, very motherly and tender in her contact with children.

Thus, while even the unbending and disdainful Constance could not help deferring to and admiring her superior knowledge and talent, the youngest children, Master Freddy particularly, would climb up upon her, put his chubby arms round her neck, press his baby mouth, not always free from suspicion of fruit or sweetmeats, to her lips, and say in his imperfect pronunciation:

"Mee Finch; me ove zu—me ove zu!"

What woman could resist such an appeal?

Mary Finch returned the kisses with interest, pressed the strong, beautiful boy in her arms, called him "her boy," and sighed as she thought of one who had died in that "valley of death" where rode the Six Hundred.

But for that fatal "blunder," she too might have been blessed with a baby boy of her own.

Even with his step-brothers and sisters little Freddy was a pet.

The child was so good-natured, so thoroughly good-tempered, never, however unkindly he was treated, bore resentment, and was always so ready to give up his own toys and possessions to others, even to give a kiss for a blow, that, while the other children constantly quarrelled with each other, one and all were fond of Freddy, and Constance, with all her vindictiveness and hatred of her step-mother, had more than once been seen, when she thought herself unobserved, to kiss him.

Thus matters stood when the new baby came and Master Freddy's cot, which had always stood by the side of his mother's bed, not always to the satisfaction of his father, had now to be removed.

"Let it be brought into my room for a week or two, until he gets accustomed to the change," Miss Finch suggested, when the matter was under discussion, "he won't disturb me, and Susan can come and take him away to the nursery to be dressed as she does now; he won't fret much at leaving you as he would if sent directly to sleep with the other children."

And Mrs. Dorset acquiesced, thanking Miss Finch, and feeling that she should feel no anxiety now about her darling, for despite his popularity in the nursery, the sentiment was always more or less upon her that he was a lamb let loose among a pack of wolves.

After his exploit in going to a theatre in defiance of strict orders to the contrary, Herbert Dorset had been sent away to the house of a clergyman living at the sea-side, who kept a tutor and received a limited number of young gentlemen to read with his own son, and be prepared for a civil service examination.

"If we can send him out to India and get Constance married, there might be a chance of peace and comfort for us," Mr. Dorset said, with a sigh.

And his wife assented, adding, however, in a tone of wearied disgust:

"But who would marry Constance that knew her?"

"Oh, we will hope some idiot may be found willing to risk his salvation," was the jesting answer, but both of them were unconscious that Constance herself was listening to them, and that her face at the moment was certainly, if judged by its expression, enough to frighten away the most venturesome aspirant to her hand and favour.

But all of this went to make up the sum of the wrongs and iniquities practised against her, for so she was pleased to consider them, for regardless of her own conduct, she treasured and hoarded up every word and expression that could be construed into being unkind that either her father or step-mother uttered about her.

A miserably unhealthy, even wicked frame as

mind for a young woman with the beauty of youth and the world before her, to fall into, or rather grow into, for it had become a part of her nature, and instead of spending her time as most girls of her age do in dreaming of possible or improbable lovers, her one idea was of achieving her revenge.

Had she been asked "for what?" she could scarcely have distinctly told you. The tale was too long, the catalogue too great to specify any one particular, for to her idea her wrongs commenced from the time of her father's second marriage, and daily she now told herself the cup of her sufferings was well nigh full.

And yet to an impartial observer, Constance Dorset had nothing to find fault with in her lot.

Her step-mother, whether she liked her or not, took her to any amusement she and her husband went to; always saw that she was well and prettily dressed; often superintended the arrangement of her toilette for any special occasion herself, and gave one or two parties a year for her especial benefit, and all without earning one spark of gratitude from the girl, who was determined to find a bad motive in the purest actions.

"Oh, yes, I see through it all, she wants to get rid of me," she said, bitterly, to Miss Finch one day when the latter was admiring a new dress which Mr. Dorset had asserted to be unnecessary, and which his wife had bought out of her own private purse, for the girl to wear at an evening party.

The governess knew the history of the dress, and had told it to Constance, to receive the retort I have recorded, supplemented with the observation:

"They can't send me to India or some other hole to die, as they mean to do with poor Herbert, so they are trying to induce some man to take me off their hands and save the expense of the extra charge on the butcher's and baker's and draper's bills. I'm not an idiot, Miss Finch, it's throwing a sprat to catch a herring, and if they could land a whale instead, like little Johnny Horner, they would exclaim how good they had been, and how they had done their duty to me, and how grateful I ought to be, and all the rot that I hear day after day talked by the women who come to see my step-mother, and whom I detest only a trifle less than I do her."

"I am amazed to hear you talk like this, Constance," exclaimed the governess angrily; "are you devoid of all human feeling or womanly tenderness? Will no kindness, no affection, touch you? I can tell you if I had been your step-mother you would have found life very different to what you do now."

"And pray what would you have done?" with a sneer.

"Having tried kindness, as your step-mother has done, I should have sent you away to learn a trade and earn your own living. Nothing but hard work and stern discipline will bring you to your senses."

"You forget that we are in a free country, and that I could run away," returned the girl, scornfully.

"No, I don't; but without money one must work to live, and if they will not, there is worse behind!"

"And what may the 'worse' be?" she asked, scoffingly.

"There are reformatories, lunatic asylums and prisons!" replied Miss Finch, evasively. "and such conduct as yours, Constance, but too often leads to one of them; do let me entreat of you to think of what you are doing; for your own sake drive the evil spirit that so often possesses you out of your heart; pray to Him for Christ's sake give you strength to overcome the evil you have harboured so long! Oh, Constance, do stop and think, and strive to be a good woman, before it is too late."

"I think you have forgotten that my education is completed, Miss Finch, and I am no longer under your control!" was the chilling response, "and as for sermons, believe me, I get quite enough of that kind of thing at church on Sundays, and you must take a few lessons before the curate will care to appoint you his deputy."

With which she walked out of the room, leaving the governess depressed, though not surprised, for it was by no means the first appeal she had made to the girl's feelings, though sad to say, always with the same result.

Thus matters stood, when one never to be forgotten day some two months after the preceding conversation, Herbert Dorset came home—was sent home, I should more correctly say—some difference of opinion having arisen between himself and another of the pupils in which the clergyman had taken the other's part.

When the letter announcing his son's expulsion arrived that morning Mr. Dorset declared that he should not enter his doors again, but that he would cast him off for ever, and he threw down the letter and attacked his breakfast vigorously, as though striving to forget this new trouble and disgrace that had come upon him.

"Surely, papa," exclaimed Constance, who was likewise seated at the breakfast-table, "you don't mean to turn your own son out of doors?"

"And why not, miss, when he has disgraced me? If he were twenty times my son I would disown him!"

"Then I think your conduct is far more disgraceful than his," was the next retort, while her big, round eyes glared like those of a maniac. "Where is he to go? what is he to do? It is such fathers as you who drive their children to wickedness."

"Constance," said her step-mother, severely, "you are forgetting yourself."

But Mr. Dorset merely said, curtly:

"Leave the room until you know how to address me properly."

And with fierce defiance in her face the girl rose and obeyed.

"I think I should let Herbert come home if only for a day or two," observed Mrs. Dorset, a few minutes later. "No doubt he has been to blame, but there are always two sides to a question. It will be such a disgrace for him to be expelled from his father's house, and you can make some arrangement for him to go away again almost immediately."

"I wish we could send that girl away too," was the irritated reply.

"So do I, but we can't; therefore the best way is to take no notice of her. But about Herbert—I think you'd better let him come home."

"As you like, dear. All the real happiness I have known is since you have been my wife. Do as you like, though in this case I fear your kindness is thrown away, and your trouble will be useless."

Ah! little could he dream of the horror and mystery and crime that would, before another day was fully spent, come over his family and name—never to leave it again, but to be recorded as one of the most frightful and mysterious crimes of the present century.

(To be Continued.)

## ONE LITTLE SHOE.

THINK it no trifle, my childless friend,  
The one little shoe that we found to-day,  
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,  
Out in the grass where the children play.

Gold could not buy it, nor precious stones;  
Wrapped in the softest silk it lies  
There in the corner, with other things  
Nearly as precious, to gladden our eyes.

Only a month since she lost this shoe—  
Dear baby Mary, with her golden hair.  
Only a week since we laid her low,  
Under the daisies," sweet and fair.

Brave little feet, how they pattered forth,  
Morning and noon, with their task to do;  
Never at rest till the good sun set,  
And the "busiest baby's" work was through.

Little pink toes in their cradle-bed,  
Cuddled away when the day was done,  
Ready to start at break of dawn,  
Over the house in search of fun.

Now they are still in their narrow bed,  
Waxed and white as the drift of snow,  
Only eclipsed by the angel feet,  
Fairer than ever they were below.

Think it no trifle, then, childless friend,  
This odd little shoe that we found to-day,  
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,  
Out in the grass where the children play.

M. A. K.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE DRAMA.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.—THE "GOLDEN PLOUGH."

As this favourite theatre would seem, after a long interval, to have succeeded in securing a play of the stamp and character which was known to playgoers in years bypast by the specific title of "an Adelphi drama," and as, conjoined with the delightful "Children's Pantomime," number 2, it is probable that the bill of this house may be stereotyped for some weeks to come, we propose, in the dearth of novelty elsewhere, to say a few words more on Mr.

Paul Merritt's drama "The Golden Plough." Of the literary qualities of the play we will say little: it is, and we suppose the author aimed at no more, an acting piece, full of strong situations, which might, however, have risen to the character of a standard play had its dialogue been better written, and its style discriminatingly characteristic. Yet notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is undeniably a powerful melodrama. By an accident, too, its action rigidly complies with the "unities," to an extent that would delight an Aristotelian critic. The action begins, continues, and is completed in a Yorkshire village, and the catastrophe is prepared and completed in the one village inn, "The Golden Plough."

Here, on the eve of a contested election, arrives as a candidate on his canvass, a baronet, Sir Francis Claude, who brings, as report says, his portmanteau filled with gold and bank-notes, wherewith to buy, bribe, and treat the "free and independent electors." But the quiet Yorkshire village has other causes to break its usually torpid tranquillity. The Squire has been robbed and murdered, and no clue found to the villain, although one Middleton, a Bow Street "runner," is down from London on the "find out." The baronet arrives at "The Golden Plough," and is somewhat startled in finding in Mrs. Royal, the landlady, a woman he had once loved and promised to marry: next he finds in the Rev. Martin Preston, the village curate and master of the grammar-school, a suitor for the hand of his niece, Helen Claude. The conscious-stricken baronet, for he is not, save in this affair with the lady, a bad man, tries unsuccessfully to make his peace with the woman he has deserted, and then, having scornfully rejected the poor clergyman's suit, on the ground that his niece shall not wed a poor schoolmaster, who is a "foundling," he is astounded at hearing from Mrs. Royal that the young clergyman is his and her son.

Sir Francis relents, and determines to do the young man justice, and acknowledge him; he writes to his niece giving his consent to her union with the man she loves. This is the last act of his existence. A man, clad in a clergyman's attire, masked and made up, enters the room by the window, stabs Sir Francis to the heart, and escapes. The dying man recognises in his assassin his son, and Mrs. Royal, who rushes in as he is making off, makes the same horrifying discovery. All is consternation at this second murder, and the wretched mother is petrified at the sight of her son's calmness and indifference, while she feels certain of his guilt. She cannot give him up to justice, nay, she has promised the dying father to "forgive him." Her nervousness and agitation convince the over-cunning "runner" that she "knows too much" about it, and he watches her movements narrowly.

There is a capital scene in the third act where Middleton tells her he knows the culprit, that he is in the room, and that he means to take him. Mrs. Royal falls swooning into the arms of Martin Preston, and the Bow Street runner arrests Tom Carroll, a country horse-dealer, the betrothed of Mrs. Royal's daughter, May Royal, and half-sister to the clergyman. The blunder is plausibly accounted for. Sir Francis having found out that he is pretty Mary's affianced, forces on him a hundred-pound note as a wedding-portion for the girl. The number is known as among those in the possession of the murdered baronet, and "from information he has received" the detective jumps to a very natural conclusion. Up to this, all tends to fix Martin Preston with the murder, but the real assassin is one Shadrach Jones, a footpad and highwayman, of marvellous skill and readiness in adopting disguises and mimicking voices and accent. He is now counterfeiting a simple rustic, by name Jerry Drake, and is quite unsuspected. It is he who has personated the innocent Martin. And thus all the three men compromised in the murder are in the same room at the same time. Preston is astonished at the exclamations of his mother, who cannot be shaken in her belief that he is a cowardly parrot, that he in a paroxysm of despair admits himself an assassin, and declares that his mother witnessed the deed. The situation is intensely complicated by his arrest. But the denouement is impending; Mr. Shadrach Jones thinks it time to decamp with his booty and his disguises, but being discovered in the act by Mrs. Royal, we need hardly say, all is made clear, and poetic, dramatic, and public justice all justified and satisfied.

After this rough sketch we need not dwell on the effective rendering the characters receive at the hands of Miss L. Willes (Mrs. Royal), Miss Alma Murray (her daughter May), Mr. B. Hington (Sir Francis Claude), Mr. Emery (Shadrach Jones), Mr. Terriss (Rev. Martin Preston), Miss Hudson (Helen Claude), Mr. Shore (Tom Carroll), Mr. McIntyre (Middleton, the "runner"), with Messrs. Moreland, Travers, and Vaughan in the subordinate characters.





[ "GIVE ME YOUR CONFIDENCE." ]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE "Petrel" was favoured with fine weather until the seventh day out, when near thirty degrees north latitude she entered the Gulf-stream, and faced the trade winds then blowing from an east and north-easterly direction.

The violence and persistence of this gale kept her back for several days, so that it was the first of November before she dropped anchor in the harbour of Havana.

Here Lord Montessor took leave of Miss Brande, cordially shaking hands with her at parting, and asking and receiving permission to visit the vessel during her stay in port.

And while Barbara occupied herself with discharging her cargo, Lord Montessor established himself at the Hotel Macon, and from this quarter pursued his inquiries for Estelle.

He found that the "Sea Mew" had reached port about fifteen days previous to the arrival of the "Petrel"; that she had discharged her cargo, taken in fresh freight, and about a week since had sailed for Rio Janeiro.

But he could hear of no passengers that she had brought to Havana; on the contrary, he was assured by several persons of whom he made the inquiry that she had certainly brought none.

But opposed to this testimony were the facts that he had learned at Baltimore. Thus with a perplexed, discouraged, but persevering heart he still pursued the almost hopeless search.

In the progress of his investigations, particularly near the harbour, he often met with Barbara Brande. No word had ever passed between them upon the object of his voyage, yet that object was well known to Miss Brande.

She longed for the sister's privilege of counselling him. Knowing the utter futility of his search, she felt it to be, in herself, a sort of treachery to permit him to pursue it.

Often when they chanced to meet her sympathising eyes were fixed with a sorrowful, prayerful expression upon his troubled countenance.

Once when he visited her in the cabin of her own

vessel, while both sat at the little centre table, she fixed her honest eyes full upon his care-worn face and said:

"Lord Montessor, give me your confidence."

He looked up in surprise.

Her open countenance did not blench, nor was her straightforward look for a moment withdrawn. Indeed there was in her resonant tones, unflinching regard, and confident manner something of the authority of the sybil.

Lord Montessor really admired the honest, brave, upright and downright nature of Barbara Brande. And now it was something more than admiration, it was a sort of deference that he felt for her. But she was looking straight at him, and was waiting for an answer.

"But why, Miss Brande, should I burden you with my confidences?" he asked, mildly.

"Because I can aid you."

"You can aid me!"

"Aye, sir; for I know your history. Do not ask me how I know it; for I cannot tell you without a breach of confidence. But, sir, I know the object of your pursuit, know it to be, for the present at least, utterly futile—as it indeed should be."

"Miss Brande!"

"Lord Montessor, I have no puerile fear of misconstruction at your hands—you are not the slave of a conventionalism that may be a good servant, but a bad master. You will not, I am sure, accuse me of obtuseness; and even if you did—"

"And if I did—"

"I should survive it," smiled Barbara.

But then growing suddenly serious she said:

"I told you that I could aid you, sir; but for that power of helping you I had not spoken!"

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Miss Brande. And I am sure that your words will be justified. But—you know my story! You know the object of my voyage; do you know where Lady Montessor is?"

"Sir, I cannot answer that question without a breach of confidence. What I can tell you without blame I will tell you without question. In the first place, your search here is utterly useless. Lady Montessor is not in Havana. In the second place, where she tarries she is well, only wishing for the present to sequester herself from you."

"For the present."

"I said for the present. Your lordship will please to put yourself for a moment in this lady's place, and you will see that as a Christian woman she can

do no otherwise than she does. Consider, sir, that the validity of your marriage is questioned, and rests for final decision with the Spiritual Court of Arches."

"Miss Brande! a higher tribunal than any earthly court has already adjudged this cause. The claimant of Lady Montessor's hand is numbered with the dead."

"I know it. Yet how forgetful men are! You should remember, sir, that this claimant was also once, whether rightfully or wrongfully—the possessor of this lady's hand. Therefore, my lord, the lady is right, right, right, and for ever right, in having considered that circumstance—while that claimant lived a barrier to her second marriage. And now, Lord Montessor, let me say to you, that all your hopes for a future union with the Lady Estelle rests upon the decision of the Court of Arches."

"In the name of Heaven, how—what do you mean?"

"This—should the Court of Arches decide the marriage of Monsieur L'Orient and Miss Morelle to have been illegal—"

"Well! then?"

"She will never emerge from obscurity; as a delicate and high-minded woman she never can. But on the other hand, should the Court of Arches decide that her childish marriage was legal—"

"Well! then?"

"Then, my lord, you are free to woo the widow, and I—Barbara Brande—will give you the aid I promised!"

"Miss Brande! Is this your ethics? How is it possible that a decision of the Court of Arches can affect the righteousness of an action already past, as its record now stands before the higher tribunal of Heaven?"

"It cannot do so, of course. Whatever be the decision of the court, the case remains in the sight of Him the same. And this Lady Estelle, whose womanly instincts have never been confused with the sinuosities of law, or the subtleties of theology, feels that her childish marriage, however wrong in itself, was binding in its obligations. Those who assail the legality of that unhappy union wound her in the tenderest point. And should the Court of Arches decide against it, they will cast upon her a reproach that she will never consent, by marrying, to reflect upon anyone she loves!" said Barbara, as a sudden and burning blush, for the freedom of her speech, swept over her cheek and vindicated the woman's under the hero's nature.

For Barbara was as modest and sensitive as she was frank and brave. She could deeply feel, as well as disregard the pain of speaking upon this delicate subject.

Lord Montessoro admired the rare honesty, courage, and disinterestedness of her really great nature. He paused a few moments before replying, and then said:

"You have given me some food for reflection, Miss Brande. I do not know but that you have been the best exponent of my lady's motives and conduct, with whom I have yet met; although I have talked upon this subject with the Bishop of Exeter, and with the Baron Dazzleright, who both regarded the affair in an opposite light to that in which you view it."

"The reason was, that one was a clergyman, and thought only of the theological aspect; the other a lawyer, and considered wholly the legal appearance; while I, a woman, with only the grace of Him to throw light upon my natural instincts, enter heart and soul into all my sister woman's feelings."

"I believe you are right, and, by your showing, Estelle was also very right in reserving herself from my knowledge and pursuit from the moment that our marriage festivities were interrupted."

"Undoubtedly, my lord. Oh, sir, I feel sure that you will yet have cause to bless Heaven that she did so—that she was known beyond doubt to have done so."

"You may be proved to be right—in case that the Bishops' Bench establish the legality of the first union. But, Miss Brande, since, as it appears, you know Estelle, since you have conversed with her, and received her confidence, you must also be aware that the doubt which rests upon the legality of her first marriage is not her only reason for sequestering herself."

"I know it; but it is the most important one; let it be removed, and it rests with your lordship to make her forget or forsake the other. And you will do so."

Lord Montessoro smiled. There was something so confident, so animating, so inspiring in the cheerful faith of this good and brave girl.

He greatly needed more satisfaction in regard to Estelle, but he felt that he could not in justice or generosity seek intelligence of Barbara, who had said that to give him more information on the subject would involve a breach of confidence.

He cordially expressed his gratitude for the friendly interest she had taken in his cause, and with a promise to repeat his visit, bade her adieu. He returned to his hotel to reflect upon his future course.

The next day he called up his valet, and said:

"Go and search for a vessel about to sail for England."

"My lord, the vessel in which we came, the 'Petrel,' is bound for Liverpool in a few days," replied the man.

"Ah, is that so? Miss Brande told me nothing of the sort yesterday. However," added his lordship mentally, "we were too closely engaged in talking of another matter."

"It is true, however, my lord; the 'Petrel' is advertised for Liverpool."

"Oh, yes; probably Miss Brande took it for granted that I had seen the notice, and knew all about it. Go down to the docks, then, and secure berths in the 'Petrel.' Or, stay, remain here, and pack up; I will go down to the vessel to engage a passage," said Lord Montessoro, who was not only well pleased to have this excuse for visiting Barbara, but also delighted with the prospect of returning to England in her vessel in her company.

A rapid walk brought him to the docks. A little skiff took him alongside the "Petrel," upon the deck of which stood the handsome Amazon, busily engaged in giving her orders.

The sun on this November day shone down brightly and hotly on the harbour and the shipping, and fell directly upon the stately form of Barbara, as she stood bareheaded upon the deck.

No sea breeze now lifted her tresses, but her raven black hair lay rippling and glistening in purplish lustre under the beams of that tropical sun, that seemed not to burn, but only to ripen her luscious southern beauty.

The rich bloom of her complexion rivalled that of the ruddiest tropical fruit. And in hue like the purple glow of grape tendrils, were the tresses of her hair against those pomegranate cheeks.

The broad and massive forehead, the well-defined black brows, the strong flashing eyes, the straight high nose, firm though rounded lips, and above all, the erect, elastic carriage; the fearless, resolute look; and the clear, resonant voice, gave a character of strength and energy to a style of beauty otherwise too voluptuous.

Her costume evinced her usual disregard to every

quality in dress, except its fitness, and consisted of the customary gray serge gown and sacque.

She was engaged in giving directions in regard to the stowing of some freight. On seeing Lord Montessoro coming up the starboard gangway, she advanced with a smile and an extended hand to meet him.

"Good-morning, Lord Montessoro. I am very glad to see you."

"Not so glad as I am to stand before you, I dare be sworn, Miss Brande."

"Ah, but to have returned so soon you must have had a motive. Now, how can we serve you, Lord Montessoro?"

"You are going to England?"

"Yes, sir; it is the best thing that I can do. I am going to Liverpool to take a cargo of sugar and molasses, and probably to bring back one of Manchester dry goods. Can I do anything for you in England?"

"You can take me thither."

"Ah; you have decided on going home?"

"I have, after mature deliberation, determined to return to England and wait the action of the Spiritual Court, if, indeed, the action has not been arrested by the intelligence of the death of Monsieur L'Orient."

"And if it has, you will cause the proper parties to act it going again?"

"Perhaps," replied Lord Montessoro.

"At all events, I am glad that you have decided on going to watch the progress of the affair, my lord, and very glad to have the pleasure of your company on the voyage," said Barbara, with such cordial sincerity, that her whole warm countenance glowed with the light of the happiness she expressed.

"I thank you very earnestly; and, believe me, the satisfaction you express is much more than reciprocated by myself. I would have waited some time and foregone many other good things for the pleasure of sailing with you, Miss Brande," replied Lord Montessoro, heartily, regarding the handsome creature before him with an honest admiration, free from the slightest alloy of covetousness.

He could appreciate her noble beauty and unique attractions without the least wish to appropriate them.

This, Barbara instinctively knew. Hence her frank cordiality of friendship.

"Good, then! we are both well pleased," she said, laughing and extending her hand.

The preliminaries of the passage were then settled, and Lord Montessoro seeing that the girl was excessively busy in superintending the taking in and stowing away of the freight, bade adieu, and returned to his hotel.

And the third morning from this, being the twentieth of November, and a fine day, the "Petrel," having on board Lord Montessoro and his attendants, set sail for Liverpool.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

As all the readers of this true history may not acknowledge the same grand passion for the sea possessed by Barbara Brande and her present biographer, I will spare them the description of the voyage to Liverpool, merely saying, by the way, that the passage was pleasant, quick, and prosperous, and that in five weeks from the day of sailing, the "Petrel," on the twenty-fourth of December, Christmas Eve, cast her anchor in the harbour of Liverpool.

A flood of business immediately overwhelmed Barbara.

Lord Montessoro took leave of Miss Brande, and promising to see her soon again, he left the vessel, took a cab, drove to the railway station, and steamed away to London, where he arrived early the same evening.

He directed his servants to convey his baggage to G—'s Hall, A—'s Lane, then entered a carriage, and drove immediately to the bachelor establishment of Baron Dazzleright, in Berkeley Square. He was very fortunate in finding Lord Dazzleright at home.

He sent up his card and was shown into the library, where, in a very few minutes, he was joined by the advocate.

Lord Dazzleright advanced, eagerly extending both hands, and saying—not only with his tongue, but with his eyes, his smile, and his whole attitude and expression:

"Good Heaven! my dear fellow, I am so glad to see you!"

And he grasped his lordship's hand, and squeezed it, and without waiting for him to speak, asked hurriedly:

"What was the last news you received from England, previous to setting out on your return?"

"News? None, except through the public prints. I have not had a letter from England since I left her shores."

"Why, how was that? We wrote frequently, anxiously."

"I suppose there was no chance of my receiving letters. I left England, as you know, about the middle of last June. I reached the United States the first of September; left it for the West Indies the tenth of October; reached Havana the first of November; left that port on the twentieth, and here I am!"

"Ah! I see how it is! You have run away from our letters, that have never been able to overtake you. But—first of all, have you seen her?"

"No."

"Have you heard of her?"

"I will tell you," said Lord Montessoro.

And forthwith he commenced and related the history of his long search and only partial success.

"Then we certainly have a clue that if firmly held and followed will lead to her recovery."

"We have a clue; but I am under parole, not to follow that clue until the decision of the Court of Archæ is made known."

"Humph—humph—humph," muttered Lord Dazzleright; "and you know nothing?"

"Of her residence—no, nothing except that she lives in strict seclusion, and is believed to enjoy some degree of health and tranquillity."

"Ah, I was not just then thinking of her, though. She generally occupies my thoughts to the exclusion of all other subjects."

"Of what then were you thinking?"

"Of what had occurred at this side of the water. But you say you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing, but public news through the public prints! What can you mean, my friend?"

"I will tell you; but sit down, sit down. Bless me, you have been standing hat in hand, like the collector for a charity, all this time; sit down."

Lord Montessoro sank into a seat.

Lord Dazzleright went and pulled the bell-tassel, and when the next moment a servant entered he gave the brief order:

"Supper an hour hence, in this room."

For Lord Dazzleright was one of those Englishmen who never could separate the idea of conversation from that of eating and drinking.

"Now then to business," he said, returning and seating himself near Lord Montessoro. "First permit me to congratulate you upon the fortunate circumstance that you did not succeed in meeting Estelle."

"Why, in the name of wonder, do you congratulate me upon any such misfortune?" inquired Lord Montessoro, in astonishment.

"I deny that it was a misfortune. I contend that it was a providential blessing, and that the misfortune would have been to have met Estelle."

"Explain yourself. Why should it have been such, to have found the beloved one whom I went to seek?"

"Because it might possibly have happened that that beloved one, worn out by importunity, might have rejoined you."

"And what calamity would have followed then?" inquired Lord Montessoro, ironically.

"Just simply ruin!"

"Ruin!"

"Ruin; unless you like a stronger word better."

"A stronger word!"

"Yes; there is such a one—listen," and Lord Dazzleright uttered the single syllable—"shame!" close to the ear of Lord Montessoro, who started as if struck by a bullet.

"This is not so," he said. "Come, my friend, let us leave exaggerated views of what might have been, and talk quietly of what is. In the first place—as you have heard—Monsieur L'Orient is dead."

"You are certain of it?"

"I was present when he was picked up from the sea. I identified his body and assisted at his funeral."

"He is therefore not likely to reappear and claim Estelle."

"I should think not."

"But I had rather hear you say that you are sure not. After the lesson we received from that gentleman on the danger of taking things for granted, it is better that we should proceed only upon certainties."

"Then I am sure that Monsieur L'Orient will give us no more trouble."

"Very well then, circumstances alter cases! that fact of Monsieur L'Orient's ascertained decease changes the whole face of affairs, and the whole policy of proceeding."



"I listen to hear further," said Lord Montessor. "As Monsieur L'Orient can never reappear to claim his hapless victim, we must now go to work and establish the validity of his marriage with her."

"What!"

"Certainly! To establish his marriage will not now be as once it would have been—to raise up an insurmountable obstacle to your own! since the same decision that will declare Estelle to have been Victoire's wife will now prove her to be his widow."

"Yet still I do not see the necessity of pushing this affair through the Spiritual Court, since the decision of that court can in no degree alter the position of the facts as they now stand," said Lord Montessor, whose honest soul was concerned for realities rather than appearances.

"It is necessary to redeem the name of Estelle from unmerited reproach—nay, more, it is necessary for your honour."

"I cannot feel that my honour or hers rests, or ever could rest, upon the chances of a decision of the Court of Arches or any other court upon earth."

"Hem, you would not wish it said that you had married Monsieur Victoire L'Orient's—"

"Silence, sir!" thundered Lord Montessor, growing livid with emotion.

"Victim, would you?" concluded Lord Dazzleright, heedless of the interruption.

"Dazzleright, Dazzleright, you abuse my forbearance."

"You would not like to have that said? I know you would not. But then, again, you had not looked at it in that light? I thought not. Now, however, you perceive that it is necessary for Estelle's sake, as well as for your own, that her name be redeemed from unmerited reproach by the establishment of the validity of the marriage! We must go to work as fast as we can and prove that, after which you may woo and win the widow."

"Dazzleright, Dazzleright, you are usually styled the best lawyer in England."

"Mine honourable friend, the best lawyer in England is he who best knows how to use the legal tools," replied Lord Dazzleright, laughing.

"You yourself took the ground that the obdurate marriage of Estelle was illegal—to use your own expression, entirely 'null, void, and of none effect!' You even proved it to be so!—proved it by law, testimony, and precedents!—proved it to the satisfaction of Sir James Allan Parke, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield, and of myself! in short, to the satisfaction of everybody, except Estelle."

"Which you think would make it very awkward for me to go to work and prove the same marriage to be legal, valid, and binding! to prove this by as strong 'law, testimony, and precedent!'—to prove it, if necessary, 'to the satisfaction of Sir James Allan Parke, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield,' of yourself, and of all others, not excepting Estelle!"

"Not at all. It will be the easiest thing in life. My dear sir, a lawyer who knows his business can, by a judicious application of 'law, testimony, and precedent,' prove or disprove anything that may be required to establish or to overthrow. In law, 'those who bind can loose,' those who loose can bind! I will undertake to establish before the Court of Arches the marriage of Miss Morelle and Monsieur L'Orient to have been perfectly legal, binding, and indissoluble, except by crime or death."

"Oh, Dazzleright, Dazzleright."

"Of course, having once successfully assailed and overthrown that marriage before one court, I cannot consistently support it before another! But I can find a lawyer of talent and character, and can arm him with my argument, so that he shall be able to do it."

"Oh, Dazzleright, Dazzleright!"

"My conscientious client, you never worked your way up from the position of a provincial pettiographer's clerk to that of a Baron of the Exchequer, or you would certainly have learned something of the infinite possibilities of the law for those who know how to avail themselves of its advantages. The law is the most exact of all sciences in theory—the most uncertain of all arts in practice. All depends upon the application of its powers. In law, we can do or undo just what we please," said the best lawyer in England.

"Oh, Dazzleright, Dazzleright, well named Dazzleright!"

"Hut! here comes Johnson to lay the cloth for supper," said the baron, as that functionary appeared.

Lord Montessor arose and paced up and down the floor, saying to himself:

"Thank Heaven, my sweet Estelle knows nothing of this worldly wisdom, this doubling and twisting,

this steering by expediency. She has no hand in it, is not responsible for it, is indeed totally ignorant of it. From first to last, through all this veering and trimming of others, she has held her pure, high, straightforward course, her path of duty, of self-denial self-immolation."

And by contrast with these time-servers she seemed so true, so holy, and so lovely, that his feeling for her took the form of prayer, and he stood in perfect silence before the window, until the cheery voice of Lord Dazzleright summoned him to the table.

"Tell me one thing!" said Lord Montessor as he took his seat at the board, "tell me for the satisfaction of my old friendship for you, how you could conscientiously seek to overthrow Estelle's first marriage, unless you believed it to have been illegal?—and if you believe it to be so, how can you possibly seek now to establish it?"

"I will tell you—as you said, a lawyer's opinion or a judge's decision cannot in the slightest degree alter the moral aspect of any case. Now the moral aspect of that case, to me, was this: that no sinner should be allowed to take advantage of his own sin—that Monsieur Victoire should not be permitted to carry off a woman of whom he had so dishonestly possessed himself—if there was any law to prevent him doing so. And of course I knew that there was plenty of law for that, as for most other purposes, good or evil. And I determined to use the law. As for the legal character of that marriage—there was so much to be said on both sides, that really, had my own feelings been disinterested, I should have found it difficult to have taken up with zeal either side; but my sympathies were strongly enlisted, and I went to work with all my heart and soul to save Estelle from the talons of the vulture Victoire. Now that bird of prey is dead—though neither the moral nor the legal aspect of that fatal marriage is altered by that circumstance, any more than it could be by the decision of a court—yet my policy is changed—it is now expedient, for the reasons heretofore stated, that I use the powers of the law to establish the validity of the marriage, which it was then expedient that I used the same powers to overthrow. Then I was compelled to choose between two evils—now I advocate a positive good."

"Thank Heaven, that Estelle is innocent of the knowledge of your policy! I can bear this system of expediency in you. I can even thank you for it, and admit that there is a sort of worldly wisdom in it! Nay, more—I can accept your congratulations upon my disappointment in failing to meet Estelle! And I can rejoice in the knowledge of never having passed one moment alone with her since our marriage ceremony! For, indeed, scarcely to save my own soul alive, would I bring upon her stricken young head one shadow of reproach! I will await the action of the Arches Court."

"And then?"

"If that court pronounce her first, infantile marriage to have been, as I was led to believe, illegal, it follows that the second one was legal, and that Estelle is my lawful wife. If, on the contrary, they adjudge it to have been valid—still by the death of L'Orient, Estelle is free—I should woo and wed her. That is all."

"Except that in the latter case, Estelle would be freed from the sign of blame."

"She is free from that in either case! She was innocent of the intention of wrong doing!"

"Assuredly, but the world judges acts, not intentions."

Lord Montessor made a movement of impatience, and then said:

"Since L'Orient, at whose suit the action was brought before the Arches Court, is dead—at whose instance is that suit now carried forward?"

"At her father's."

"At her father's."

"At Sir Parke Morelle's."

"He has returned to England."

"And to his right, which is better still."

"You amaze me! Is he reconciled to his unhappy young daughter, then?" inquired Lord Montessor, in astonishment.

"Easy—easy—do not be in a hurry. You said that Estelle was in Maryland, North America. Now, Sir Parke has but just returned from Italy, and is spending his Christmas at Hyde Hall, Devonshire. How is it possible they should be reconciled?"

"By an epistolary correspondence I should think it might be done."

"But it has not been done. Sir Parke does not even know where she is, or anything of her movements since the trial, except that which we learned from yourself, namely, that she embarked for America. He is exceedingly anxious for a meeting and a reconciliation with her. He is too proud and fastidious to

advise even with caution and disguise; but he has despatched a confidential agent to America to seek her out."

"A needle in a haystack!" Does he expect so to find her on that vast continent?" exclaimed Lord Montessor, impatiently, for he remembered that but for Sir Parke's unnatural severity and too late repentance, the poor, "stricken deer" might now be safe in the covert of her father's house.

"Yes, he hopes his agent will find her even on that 'vast continent.' Sir Parke, like most travelled English country gentlemen, looks upon the 'vast continent' of America as a 'vast' wilderness, with only a few coast towns such as Boston, New York, and the like, whose population might be soon sifted by an intelligent 'detective.' That now, in spite of geography and newspapers, is the cherished idea of Sir Parke."

"Pshaw!"

Lord Dazzleright laughed.

Lord Montessor arose and looked steadily into the eyes of the advocate.

"What do you suppose, Dazzleright, to be the cause of Sir Parke Morelle's change of feelings and purposes toward his daughter?"

"We might readily suppose Dame Nature to be the fundamental cause. Surely, his present relenting is more natural than his former severity towards her."

"Sir Parke is not a man to be governed by his natural affections."

"Perhaps not always. But in this case, what is left him but revision of his former sentence against Estelle? Has he any other daughter?—has he any son?—has he even a niece or nephew, or any other heir to his vast estate?"

"It is true he has not; you put the point pertinently. Yet, that circumstance alone would not sway his conduct. The opinion of the world is the breath of his nostrils."

"Eureka, you have found it?"

"Then I am more confounded than ever, being at a great loss to know how his love of the world should move him in favour of her whom the world has forsaken."

"There you are mistaken. Most people are confounded who reason from false premises. The world did not forsake Estelle. Estelle forsook the world; you pursued her in such hot haste as not to have discovered this fact?"

"What do you tell me!" exclaimed Lord Montessor, in a sort of glad surprise and incredulity.

"That there is not a woman in England more beloved and respected by those from whom love and respect are most valuable, than our Estelle."

"Dazzleright, this cannot be so. The world is not so just to the unfortunate."

"The world, like Satan, is not half so black as it is painted. 'Listen! reaction is commensurate with action.' It was inevitable, at first, when the suddenness and enormity of the charge brought against Estelle had shocked her friends and acquaintances from their propriety, that she should have been regarded with abhorrence. But when that panic was past; when people had time to become composed and thoughtful; and, above all, when the simple facts developed and proved upon the trial had replaced the exaggerated fictions of gossip; and when it was understood that Estelle had, from the moment of her arrest at the altar, reserved herself from the presence of Lord Montessor, and had, as soon as possible, withdrawn herself from his knowledge, there was a mighty reaction in her favour."

"Thank Heaven for that. That Heaven that the public were able to know her still and to do her justice!" exclaimed Lord Montessor, who, though in heart might despise the fluctuations of popular opinion for himself, yet dreaded it for Estelle.

"Thank Heaven for all things, and the world for nothing," replied Dazzleright; "Estelle's whole life of goodness was not to be abrogated by one storm of calumny. That was a crisis in which the power of her own personal righteousness saved her. Your own name, character, reputation and popularity also served her well."

"Whatever of good repute, or 'golden opinions' I possessed were at her service—were under her feet, if that would have saved them from the burning plough-shares," said Lord Montessor, fervently.

"Unsearched she passed those fiery plough-shares. Her trial over, people judged her, in some sort, as you and I judge her. Her beautiful Christian life, the facts elicited on her trial, her subsequent self-sacrifice, all tended to draw back to her esteem and affection. All whose good opinion is worth having, love and revere her. Even the envious and malignant dare not traduce her, lest their motive become too apparent. And now I say, as I said in the beginning,

there is not a woman in England more sincerely esteemed than Estelle.

"Sir Parke Morelle, restored in some degree to his reason, came back to find this state of feeling prevailing. It affected, it influenced, it governed him. He resolved to seek and call home his wandering child. If his resolution needed confirming, it received confirmation. Estelle's misfortunes had moved sympathy in the highest quarters—Sir Parke and Lady Morelle attended the first drawing-room of the season. It was usually brilliant, and so crowded that Royalty could vouchsafe but a word or two to each passing aspirant for notice. Lady Morelle's turn came; judge the effect when the Queen—her goodness is proverbial—inquired graciously after the health of Lady Morelle's daughter, expressing regret at not seeing her present.

"This was done for a purpose, and it effected its object. Ladies of the most ancient peerages—of a nobility indubitable and redoubtable, who can do as they please, because it is impossible for them to do wrong—followed now the royal lead. The more timid, though not less well-disposed, brought up the rear. You understand this was not done all at once at the drawing-room—though then the fiat issued—thence the impetus was given. Even the most cowardly were not afraid to venture where Royalty had gone before."

"But Sir Parke! Lady Morelle! What reply could they make when asked for their hapless daughter? Some such answer, I suppose, as Cain gave when asked for his brother."

"Humph! they just replied that she was in America, and they had sent out a confidential agent there to seek her. Eh bien! you comprehend that the ordeal is well past."

Lord Montessor looked around.

"What do you want?" inquired Lord Dazzle-right.

"My hat."

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no. Here are some famous cigars—stop and try them."

"Cannot. I am down into Devonshire by the midnight train. Good-bye!"

"But you are not going, certainly?"

"Absolutely and instantaneously. I shall not even first return to my hotel, as it is now eleven o'clock, and the train starts at twelve. So I will tax your kindness to send one of your men to Gerard's, to direct my people there to follow me by the next train, if you will do me the favour."

"Certainly; but you have not said to what point in the great county of Devon I shall direct the fellows."

"You surely know! I am off to see Sir Parke Morelle at Hyde Hall. Tell them to put up at the 'Morelle Arms, Hyde.'"

"Humph! Do you know that I was due there to eat a Christmas dinner to-morrow? So it may ensue that I shall follow you to assist at that grand pow-wow that must come off to-morrow evening."

"I shall be very well satisfied if you do! Shall I say to Sir Parke that you will come?"

"If you please."

"Good-bye, then," said Lord Montessor, extending his hand.

"Bon voyage!" replied the other, pressing the proffered member.

And so the companions parted.

Lord Montessor re-entered the cab that had, during his visit, waited at the door, and gave the order:

"To the station."

The cabman drove on, and in due season reached this place.

Lord Montessor entered the train, which was on the eve of starting, and soon found himself whirled onward towards Devonshire, which near day-break he reached.

Here he left the train for the mail-coach that daily passed the village, which was the point of his destination.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE MUSK OX.

THE Musk ox inhabits, at present, the polar regions of the Western Hemisphere, ranging from Behring Strait to the east coast of Greenland, where it was discovered, in considerable numbers, by the German Arctic Expedition, in 1870. Southwards, it occurs throughout the barren grounds, to about the sixtieth parallel extending to the islands in the north, traces of it having been found by the last Arctic Expedition as far north as the eighty-third

parallel. In former ages its range was much more extensive, as is proved by the remains discovered in Si-eria, in Germany and France, and in various parts of England, as in Kent, and near Salisbury, and in Gloucestershire.

The bull is larger than the cow, and about equal in size to small Scotch cattle. Animals killed by McClintock on Melville Island weighed 700 lb., of which 400 lb. was meat; they stood ten hands and a half high at the withers, their legs being comparatively short. The head is large and broad, armed with a pair of formidable horns, which, in their size and curvature, resemble those of the African buffalo, and, in old bulls, unite in the median line, covering the whole crown of the head, and forming a protection impenetrable to a rifle-ball. The ears are small, the eyes are remarkably so. Long black hair (nearly a yard long) hangs down from the throat, chest, sides of the body, and hips, covering the legs down to the middle.

Besides this, in winter the animals are covered with a thick, soft, brownish wool, which is cast in summer. This is found in large quantities in their resting-places, and is stated by Richardson to be a valuable material, if it could be obtained in sufficient quantity. The legs are white; and a large saddle-shaped patch behind the shoulder is generally of a whitish colour. The tail is very short—only three inches long; and this, in addition to the hairiness of the nostrils, the absence of a muffle and dewlap, and the conformation of the skull, afforded sufficient evidence to Blinville and Mr. Boyd Dawkins to assign the musk ox rather to the sheep than to the ox or buffalo tribe.

Musk oxen are found in herds of from ten to thirty; but in Western America, where the greater scarcity of food compels them to escape the rigour of the winter by regular seasonal migrations to more southern latitudes, they unite to form herds of more than a hundred. During the summer they prefer mountainous districts, climbing rocks and precipices with as great ease and rapidity as a wild goat. Probably, they find their food on mountain-sides, exposed to the sun and freed from snow, more readily than in the valleys. The whole of the scanty vegetation of the Arctic region contributes to their fare, which, in winter is reduced to lichens and branches of the dwarfed willows and shrubs. They get very lean, and in this condition smell more strongly of musk than at other times. The female has one calf towards the beginning of June.

The formidable appearance of the musk ox belies its disposition. It is a perfectly harmless animal, which has never been known to attack man; the bull, probably, uses his horns only in defending himself or his herd against wolves and bears and in duels with his rivals. Once only, during the Arctic Expedition to East Greenland, one of the officers, whilst engaged with his surveying instruments, was surprised by a sham attack of four musk oxen; these, however, lost heart when within a few yards, and galloped off faster than they had come. In localities where men are still a new and strange sight to them, they are easy of approach, and form one of the most welcome and valuable additions to the fare of the Arctic traveller. The last Arctic Expedition is reported to have killed a considerable number; and a specimen has been preserved by Captain Feilden, one of the naturalists with that expedition. It was killed on the shores of Grinnell Land, in lat. 82 deg. 27 min., within a mile of the winter quarters of H.M.S. "Alert," on July 6, last year. It is a young bull three or four years old; it has been very well mounted, and is now exhibited in the Mammalian Gallery of the British Museum.

No specimen has ever been brought alive to Europe, although it happens not rarely that calves fall into the hands of the hunters who have killed the cows. It seems almost a pity that so useful and remarkable an animal, which will subsist where neither sheep nor goat can live, should have ceased in Europe to be the companion of the reindeer, with which it had been associated in former ages. It might possibly be again introduced into Northern Europe.

#### FAIR TIPPLERS.

THE excessive use of stimulants, hardly to be tolerated in men, become absolutely unbearable in women, no inconsiderable portion of whom permit themselves nowadays an appalling indulgence in strong drink. For it is an undeniable fact that when the weaker creature yields her finer nerves and more sensitive organisation to the insidious encroachments of a vice which takes only a short while to break up the strongest constitution, her ruin is more speedy and her abasement a thousand times more deplorable than that of her helpmate.

Nobody who sees much of women can be ignorant of the altered state of things—that they drink more than they used to do. They are no longer satisfied with a lump of sugar saturated in eau-de-Cologne, or a few drops of volatile spirit in a little water, already an advance upon the beverages made by our great grandmothers out of mulberries or meadow cowslips. There are now very few young married women, and even girls in their second or third season, who have not habitually recourse to liquors containing a proportion of alcohol to administer a fillip to their jaded nerves, and brace them up afresh for some new tax upon their energies. Port, sherry, gin-and-bitters, even mixtures of brandy and champagne are made use of to revive the drooping spirits, and give to the listless beauty the requisite amount of "go" which will enable her to hold her own in the midst of a crowd of chaffing adorers. And when we consider for a moment the life which women lead in London during several months of the year, the reason of this degeneration in our mothers and sisters is not without its *raison d'être*.

Let us follow the movements, for the brief space of twelve hours, of a young girl who goes much into society. Somewhere about nine or ten a.m. she makes her appearance in the morning-room, after having jiggered about in a crowded assembly until daybreak, languid, heavy-eyed, unrefreshed by the maternal tub. Without the ghost of an appetite she sits down to an unwholesome meal of spiced and peppered dishes, hot rolls, strong coffee and cream. After breakfast, too tired, in all probability, to ride—she whiles away the rosy hours until lunch-time in doing intricate things with coloured silks, writing notes, or fluttering the pages of the books sent in from Mudie's. Luncheon is a heavier breakfast, with the addition of wine and pastry. A turn or two in the park, lolling back in a barouche, varied by an interval of shopping in a West End "emporium;" home to afternoon tea, with plenty of cakes to destroy the little appetite created by the fresh air; another spell of the "douce far niente," a languid toilette, and then dinner.

The real business of the day begins long after the birds are asleep and the stars are shining in the sky. A menu in which you look in vain for plain roast or boiled; the glare of a score of candles; a wine for every course; laughter, excitement, coffee, flirtation, and finally the brougham, in which the flushed and feverish girl is whirled away to more hot rooms, more excitement, more champagne; what can result from such an unnatural and unhealthy mode of existence but an increased craving for dissipation, and an impatient desire to be relieved from the lassitude attending reaction by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

This habit, when frequently indulged in, becomes not only ruinous and disorganising to an illimitable degree, but it also engenders much greater evils as a necessary consequence. Our pleasant vices generally run in couples. The nervous system, periodically overwrought, abandons the role of servant for that of master, and with imperious voice makes itself heard calling for other and more potent distraction. The moral faculties have by this time become obscured, the borderland between right and wrong ceases to be so clearly defined as heretofore, duties and obligations relax their restraining force, and, if there be any latent hereditary instinct of evil lurking in the otherwise pure nature, that one drop of black blood will be certain to come out into dark relief.

#### HER HEART'S SECRET.

"If you refuse Duncan Holcroft you are a complete idiot, Georgina Gilroy, and I wash my hands of your affairs altogether."

Mrs. Cassowin sails majestically from the room where Georgina, her niece, remains nervously clasping and unclasping her slender white fingers, and wondering why matrimony should be a positive duty in the code by which she had been educated. She is only twenty-two, slender, fair, and looking about sixteen, with her waving golden hair and soft, brown eyes.

She has two hundred pounds a year, all her own, and why can't she be allowed to live her quiet life unmolested.

Since her own parents died, about three years ago, she had been dragged from the country parsonage in which her father lived and died, saving the little fortune for Georgina by close economy, to her aunt's fashionable home, such as her mother pined for throughout all Georgina's childhood.

"When you marry, I hope you will return to your



posersphere," Mrs. Gilroy would say whenever she spoke of Georgina's future; but she never heeded much in those days.

In the cosy study with her father, her fluffy curls all ruffled by her nervous fingers as she poured over Latin exercises, or studied history; in the plainly furnished drawing-room at her own little cabinet piano, playing softly or grandly as the mood seized her; in the free country, wandering here or there, Georgina was utterly, entirely happy. Her hours of martyrdom were spent in her mother's room learning worried work, listening to the tales of the faded beauty of her former conquests, before—and here Georgina, thinking of her noble, self-sacrificing father, always grew hot and angry—before she "threw herself away" upon a country parson.

Sitting in Mrs. Cassowin's grand drawing-room, waiting for Duncan Holcroft to come and propose to her, as her aunt informed her, he had requested permission to do, Georgina, timid and gentle, felt her whole being rise in revolt.

Was life to be to her what it was to her aunt, a round of calling, shopping, party going, party-giving, interviews with dressmakers and milliners? Could she not escape to some locality where there were nobler aims and desires?

Where?

Mrs. Cassowin had expostulated in vain. Hitherto, Georgina had been gently firm.

But on this day even her courage failed before her aunt's wrath at the proposal to dismiss Duncan Holcroft.

He came across the wide drawing-room as she sat thinking, his footfall unheard upon the soft carpet.

He was tall, erect, handsome, past fifty, yet not old; his eyes clear as a boy's, his iron-gray hair curling and abundant, his gray moustache giving a military air to his well cut features.

Faultless in attire, courteous in manner, he also possessed half a million attractions in solid investments.

But all else seemed to him worthless compared to the possession of the slender, pale child, who, half-buried in a deep arm-chair, realised as yet nothing of the yearning love in the large, dark eyes fixed upon her face.

It was scarcely to be supposed that Duncan Holcroft, bachelor as he was, had travelled over fifty years of life with untouched heart, but he had lived over all other love till this one came and conquered him.

It stirred his heart with a sick pain, when Georgina, looking up, pale to her lips, while her eyes were full of fear and trouble, seeing him.

She had always given him a frank, cordial greeting, and he had hoped to win sweeter tokens still from her soft eyes and sweet lips, and instead he had lost what was already given.

"Did you not expect me?" he said, gently, "you look startled."

"I did not know you were here, and it did startle me to see you so close beside me!" Georgina said, a flaming colour shooting now over cheeks and brow, as she wished herself a thousand miles away.

He spoke to her gravely then, and very, very gently, wooing her most tenderly, considerate of her youth, her timidity, and heartily ashamed, she could only sob and shiver.

"Child," he said at last, "do I so distress you? Am I so hateful to you—that?"

But she interrupted him quickly:

"You are not hateful to me," she said, impulsively. "I like you ever—ever so much, only—oh, why do you want to marry me?"

He could not keep back a smile, though his heart throbbed heavily with pain.

"I love you, dear," he said; "I love you far too well to wish to grieve you. Shall we be friends still?"

"Oh, if you will," she said, eagerly, ignorant of the stab in every word, "let us forget to-day."

As if he could.

But he was a true gentleman, a sincere, unselfish lover, and he led her on to talk of other matters till the ashy pallor left her cheeks and lips, and she was just her sweet self again.

Then he left her.

Left her to meet such wrath from Mrs. Cassowin that she rose against her bitter speeches.

"I will go to Grandfather Gilroy, since you are so tired of me," Georgina said.

"I would! Go, bury yourself in that wretched little farmhouse at Fry Corners; you who might lead the fashion here, Duncan Holcroft's wife!"

But even Fry Corners was preferable to Georgina, to the prospect of leading the fashion.

She shivered at the thought, shy, little country flower, and accepted her aunt's ungracious dismissal.

It even seemed as if she threw off a burden as

she stepped from her luxurious carriage at the station.

Mrs. Cassowin, slightly remorseful, was at the last moment willing to revoke her decree of banishment, but Georgina would not see the flag of truce, only half unfolded, and went to Fry Corners.

It was not a fascinating abode, a small farm, managed by a miserly old man, and one maid servant of seventy or thereabout, whose life was a burden because old Mr. Gilroy had failed to make her his wife, after accepting her attentions for a matter of thirty or forty years.

Georgina had the free, open country, perfect liberty to do as she pleased, the command of her own income.

But she was not happy.

"I do believe I am naturally of a discontented disposition," she thought, as she wandered, listlessly, up a shady lane. "I've got all I want, a country home, old women to help, children to be kind to. I can play Lady Bountiful to half Fry Corners on a small scale. I have miles of good, useful sewing, plenty of books, my own piano, nobody to scold me, no finery to worry over, and yet—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft cares because I have gone?"

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day.

She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet she thought of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real conversation, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.

Did he miss her?

She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; so lowly and little, compared to the belles (uttering ever in his view, so ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honour he had paid her).

Spring flowers faded, summer bloom died, autumn fruits were gathered in, winter snows melted.

It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.

The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.

And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unflinching patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.

He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said; "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Cassowin's friends, and went abroad.

Here was surely interest, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger.

What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?

Love was offered more than once, but met no return, and she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had imagined in hours of reading, what her father often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily to the general sitting-room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:

"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria!"

"Where?" someone asked indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die, they say."

"Die! Duncan Holcroft!"

Georgina grouped her way dizzily, unperceived to the balcony.

She must have air or smother.

Die!

Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying?

What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly?

Die!

Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?

Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.

She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped! Why it was close beside them!

She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl,

she sped along the street, thankful for the gathering twilight.

The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.

She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a faint voice say:

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you. Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the sister's shoulder:

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "darling, have you come to say farewell?"

"No," she answered, strangling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live—for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life-giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him; waking after many hours to see loving eyes unweariedly watching him.

They were married when the priest came a few hours later, the good sister still remaining to share the nursing.

But the life-giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life for ever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Cassowin says:

"She can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home; and Georgina has never explained."

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they find useful work and tender charity to fill all leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

A. S.

## SCIENCE.

### PRIMING.

NEVER prime a piece of wood, especially hard wood, unless certain there is no moisture in it. Run all wheels out in the sun, or dry by artificial heat before priming, and if painted as described in hurried work, they will not scale, crack, or blister. Use more or less oil, according to time required for finishing; on slow work oil will take the place of varnish. Do not put on one coat and let it stand a long time without sanding, and never put a thick coat on bone dry work. A job painted in this way, with an extra coat of rubbing varnish, allowed to stand a week or more, then rubbed out and well varnished, and kept away from mud and water for one month, will hold its gloss equal to oil work, and will not crack nor have the small pox, and come off generally. If necessary to hurry it still more, use more japan and varnish and less oil, thinning well with turpentine.

Do not put a dry flat coat on glossy oil, nor vice versa. Be sure your job is free from moisture, so that it will drink in the priming. Make your priming thin enough with turpentine, so that it is drink and not vituals. Make each coat as near like the last as possible, put them on as soon as dry, and they will form one solid coating; then if you have time, let them thoroughly dry before varnishing. For wood work to keep in stock a long time, prime with best pail led, boiled oil and a little turpentine.

A FRENCH machinist has discovered that by keeping his turning tools constantly wetted with petroleum he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although when the tools were used without oils their edges were turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine.

OIL IN CALIFORNIA.—The "Alta" says that, in Southern California, oil well is already yielding 25 barrels per day, and only 180 feet depth has been bored. Pipe lines are already projected, and California anticipates a repetition of the Pennsylvania oil fever.

A VERY sensitive metallic thermometer on a new

machine has been invented by an Italian physician in Paris. The vibrations of a small secret of platinumized silver are amplified by means of a system of levers, and the motion is communicated to a needle on a dial on which degrees are marked. The motion of the needle is almost instantaneous. The apparatus has been tested in the "Ville de Paris," a new balloon sent up on June 3 at Paris.

## GLORIA;

OR,

## MARRIED IN RAGE.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"DAVID, 'ee has heard, or if 'ee has not heard, 'ee has read in history books all about the horrors of Saint Domingo, where the slaves rose one awful night against their masters and massacred men and women and children; set fire to houses, and then surrounded them to cast back into the flames all who attempted to escape, and so burned them down to the ground, with all their inmates in them, and so laid waste the lovely land and turned the blooming island, that was like a garden of Eden, into a Gehenna, a desert, a howling wilderness, inhabited by demons! 'Ee has heard that, Davie?"

"Yes, they were raving mad."

"They slaughtered nearly all the white people on the island. Nearly all, but not quite all, Davie. Some few escaped, by the help of faithful servants, who secretly concealed them and secretly aided them to reach some port from which they got off, and many of these poor servants paid for their fidelity with their lives, being put to death by the insurgents."

"Who treated them as traitors, I suppose," said David Lindsay.

"Yes, I reckon so. Well, Davie, among them that were murdered was Monsieur Antoine Dubois. His plantation house was burned, and his body consumed in the flames. Among them that were saved was Madame Dubois, his young wife, who was concealed by her devoted slave, Jose, and afterwards by night he secretly conveyed her to Port-au Prince, and put her safely on board a clipper that was about to sail for England. Poor thing! She was half an idiot by that time with all that she had seen and suffered. She thought her husband was on board the vessel, else she never could have been persuaded to leave the island. Her faithful servant, Jose, came with her. Well, Davie, lad, all this I have told 'ee, I learned long afterwards from hearsay."

"It was one night when I was a young woman, and had been married about a year, and had a little boy about four weeks old; and I was the happiest little wife and mother in all this world."

"Well, Davie, it was evening, and my good man had come in and had his tea, and I had undressed my baby and put him to bed, and was two were sitting before the little bright fire, for the night was chilly, and Jim was making a dip-net, and I was making a little white dainty cloak for my baby to wear, when he was to take him to church to be christened by Father Moriarty. Father Moriarty was a young priest then, just come to the parish."

"Well, Davie, we were sitting here, Jim and me, as happy as a king, and merrily as you and I sit now. It was about half-past eight o'clock, when we heard the sound of foot-steps crunching over the gravel, and voices talking, and all coming up to our door."

"'Ee may depend, lad, that Jim and me wondered who it could be coming on the island at that time o' the night. Such a thing had never happened before in our memories. But before we could ask each other what it meant, there came a pealing rap at the door, and Jim jumped up and opened it."

"And there, Davie, stood the mate of the London clipper, who was an old friend of Jim's, and says he:

"Lindsay, for the Lord's sake, let us have a shelter, or a door, or something, with some soft bed-comforters and pillows on it, to fetch up a very sick lady from the shore. She is a refugee from the massacre in Saint Domingo. But you haven't heard about that yet, and I haven't got time to tell you now. Get the things I asked for, that's a good soul, for the lady will die if she is left where she is."

"With that, Davie, without asking as much as a question, good Jim began to take the front door off its hinges—for the window shutters were too short, you see—and to call to me to fetch pillows and comforters. But the mate kept on explaining and apologising, and saying:

"She was taken very ill on the ship with some-

thing worse than sea-sickness; but the motion made her so much worse that if she had remained on board she must have died. So, when we came opposite here, knowing you to be a humane man, we just laid to and put a lot of blankets in the boat, and the lady among them, and took her black servant and rowed her to this place. She is lying in the boat on the blankets."

"All right, mate, I am ready to go with you," said my dear Jim, and out he went, with the door under one arm and a load of bedding under the other. The mate relieved him of some of the last, and with the lantern in his hand led the way to the shore where the boat lay."

"Well, Davie, I put away the little white dainty cloak I had been sewing on, and I mended the fire and hung the kettle over it, for I said to myself, no matter what the nature of the lady's ailment might be, hot water would be sure to be wanted."

"By the time I had done all that, lad, the men came back from the boat and came into the house—four of them—one at each corner—bearing the lady, laid upon the best quilts, on the floor. There was Jim and the mate at the head, and a sailor and an old, white-haired black man at the foot."

"They laid their burden down, and then the mate said:

"You'll excuse me, I know, Jim, if I have to hurry away. No one knows better than yourself what the duty of the second officer is on a clipper."

"I stooped down to look at her to see what was best to do first. Davie, she was the most beautiful being that human eyes ever beheld. Her features were all small and regular except her eyes, which were wonderfully large and black, with very long, thick, black eye-lashes; her skin was as white and clear and delicate as a white japonica leaf, and her long, lustrous black hair came down each side of her face and breast, reaching half way down to her feet, like the ends of a long, rippling, black satin scarf."

"She was a little out of her head, and looked at me, and babbled sweet, soft words in her foreign tongue. I could not understand her talk, but I could understand her smile. It was loving and grateful. So I took her hand and kissed it, that she might understand me, and know that she was with friends. And then I turned to my dear Jim, and said:

"The first thing we must do is to get her to bed, for she is very, very ill. And the next thing we must send for a doctor to treat her, and a priest to talk to her, for the priests understand all languages."

"And I took hold of the comforters she was lying on, and drew her by them off the floor, and let Jim have it to hang on the hinges again, and while he was doing that I undressed the poor lady, with my back to Jim and the old negro, and dressed her in one of my best nightgowns."

"There was no getting a doctor or a priest that night, at any price, I knew; but I did the best I could for her myself, and she soon fell asleep. I had a spare bed in the loft. The one you have now, Davie, and I sent Jim up there to sleep, and I made the old negro a pallet up there on the floor, and then I sat down by the sick lady to watch her all night. She slept like one tired out."

"But long before day I woke up Jim to send him for a doctor and a priest, and I gave him a cup of coffee and bit of bread, and started him."

"The lady woke up much better and in her right mind, for the fever was off; but she opened her great, soft, dark eyes, and gazed around her in surprise, and then began to babble sweet words to me that I could not understand, though I thought it was likely she was asking how she came there."

"So I beckoned the old darkey to come to the bedside to see his mistress. And she smiled to see him, and they began to babble the music of an unknown tongue; only his voice was to hers like the bass to the treble notes on the piano."

"But I knew he was explaining to her how she had been land-d from the ship and brought to us, and how we had received her, and cared for her, for presently she turned her lovely eyes on me, and held out her hand."

"I went to her, and she took my hand and kissed it many times, looking in my face at intervals with a soul full of gratitude."

"The doctor gave me full directions what to do for my inmate, who, he said, was suffering from remittent fever, and he left me medicine for her and went away."

"But Father Moriarty stayed nearly all day either talking with the lady, or questioning the servant. And when he went away he gave me a strict charge about the lady, to treat her with the greatest care and kindness and respect, and I should not miss my reward."

"I told him that to relieve the lady's sufferings, and to see her at ease was all the reward I or Jim either would ever want."

"Well, Davie, lad, I'm making an awesome long story of this, but I'll try to shorten it. The lady lingered a long time with her remittent fever, which at last left her so weak that she could only sit propped up in my easy-chair for a few hours in the middle of the day, and oh! her greatest comfort was to hold my baby on her knees and soothe it and sing to it, in her sweet unknown language, for you see, Davie, she herself was expecting to be a mother."

"She could not talk to me, nor I to her, except when Father Moriarty came to interpret between us. Once, when she had my baby on her lap, she lifted him and held him softly to her bosom and smiled, and said something to Father Moriarty, who turned to me and repeated:

"She says that the baby is a balm to her broken and bleeding heart; that the baby draws all the fever and soreness from it, and heals its wounds." That was the way she talked, Davie."

"Well, lad, the poor, beautiful creature had been with us about ten days, when one night, in the middle of the night, the baby she was expecting came—a pretty, little, tiny girl, it was, with black hair and eyes like its mother's."

"There was no one to attend to mother or child but me and Jim and the old coloured man; and, of course, I had to do everything about the room, and be doctor and nurse also. The others did what they could outside."

"My good Jim started for the doctor in the middle of the night, but didn't get back with him till the morning."

"Then the poor lady was sinking fast. My heart was almost broken. I asked the doctor if he had been on hand sooner, could he have saved her life? He said no; no mortal skill could have saved her life."

"Then I felt better; for 'ee knows, Davie, lad, that we can all submit more cheerfully to what could not have been helped, than to what might have been prevented."

"Dear Jim, who went immediately to fetch Father Moriarty, returned with him about noon. The dying lady received from his hands the last offices of the church and consolations of religion. While the priest was at the bedside of the lady, I sat in a remote part of the room, to give them as much privacy as possible. However, I couldn't have heard to understand anything that passed, for they both spoke in whispers, and in the lady's own language."

"I had her poor little baby on my lap, and was nursing it at my bosom, when at last Father Moriarty came and beckoned me to approach the bed."

"I went, taking the baby with me. I saw the lady had changed, even in the last hour."

"The father then told me he was going to baptise the child, and asked me if I would be its godmother, and if my husband would be its godfather. I said 'yes,' and I went to the back door and called Jim in from the shed, and we went up to the bedside, and Father Moriarty took the baby in his arms and baptised it by the name of Marie Desolée, for the mother said:

"She is desolate."

"She held her arms out feebly, but they dropped upon the coverlet. Father Moriarty signed to me to lay the baby in them. I did so. She looked on the little infant with a look of such heavenly love as I have never seen in any face but one since. And then she drew her right hand out from under her head, lifted her own eyes toward Heaven, and murmured some sweet, earnest words in her own language that I knew were prayers and blessings for the baby, and then turned those eyes pleadingly on me."

"She wishes to leave her child to you, will you take it?" Father Moriarty asked."

"Now, I don't know how it was, Davie, but never in my life did such strong words of acceptance, of affection and devotion come to my lips as came then; and I uttered them earnestly, and they satisfied the mother who was passing away, for she smiled, though she could no longer speak; but she put her hand upon her baby's head, until she drew her last breath—yes, drew it like a sigh of relief."

"Well, lad, the remains of the beautiful lady were laid in the churchyard at St. Ignace. Jim and I brought up the little baby with our own. There was, strictly speaking, but five weeks difference in their ages, but my boy was nearly twice as big as the little girl. The two children shared the same bed by night and the same cradle by day, the same mother's milk and the same father's love."



"Jim and I never had any children, but we loved those two better than our whole lives. We never let on to anyone, who didn't know it before, but they were both our children. They never knew but what they were twin brother and sister, and they grew as fond of each other as twins generally are.

"When they were old enough we sent them together to the Sunday School at St. Inigoes, where they learned to read. Afterward we sent them to the parish school at the same place, where they learned to write and cipher.

"Well, Davie, little Desolée grew up as beautiful in person and as angelic in spirit as her mother had been.

"She loved Jim and me with a love passing the love of daughters; with a love that more than paid us for all we had ever done for her."

Here Dame Lindsay's voice broke down in sobs, and she wept bitterly.

Davie Lindsay, deeply moved at an excess of emotion he had never seen her betray in all his previous life, went to her side, and by every tender word and gentle caress sought to soothe her strange agitation.

At length he succeeded, or else the gust of emotion exhausted itself; for Dame Lindsay gradually recovered her composure, wiped the tears from her eyes, and, with a sigh of relief, resumed her narrative:

"All this trouble happened so long ago, Davie!—so long ago that I thought I had got all over the grief—the grief that broke poor Jim's heart, and almost broke my own.

"But 'ee sees, lad, talking about it brings it all back as fresh as if it had happened only yesterday. And we loved her so, lad. We loved her so. She was the life of our hearts and the light of our home, until—"

She paused.

"Until what, dear Granny?" inquired the lad.

"Until he came!"

"Who?"

"He, the destroyer! He, the accursed demon!"

"Who? Who?" demanded the youth.

"Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"We four, Jim and I, and Jimmy and Desolée, were the happiest people in the world, I do think. We loved each other so dearly; but we each loved Desolée best of all. She was so lovely. Beautiful in face and form she was, but more beautiful in expression, and most beautiful in soul.

"Oh! we were too fond of her, too proud of her! Why, when any strangers saw her for the first time they could hardly keep their eyes off her; and some few strangers came to the neighbourhood during the summer season, and came to church with the families on the main where they happened to be visiting.

"But no one except the priest, the doctor, and ourselves knew but what Desolée was our own child; for 'ee sees, Davie, lad, we lived such lonely lives here on this little island, never seeing anybody except when we went to church. So hardly anyone knew but what our adopted darling was our own child. Not even Jimmy, her foster-brother, knew but what she was his own sister.

"And as time passed, proving that there was no hope of the fugitives from St. Domingo ever going back to get any of their property, Father Moriarty himself saw no better fate for the little orphan than to be brought up as our own child.

"Well, Davie, as I said, we were all as happy as the day is long, until one summer, when my darling was about seventeen years old. We went to church one Sunday near the first of June, and there was a perfect stranger present. He sat in General S—'s pew, in the middle aisle, near the altar. We sat in the free seats in the front corner a little to the left of him, and full in his view.

"Everyone in a lonesome country church looks at a stranger. I always do. And the first glance showed me that this was the very handsomest man I had ever set eyes on. He had a tall, finely-formed, commanding figure, with a stately, well-set head, high, noble features, large, sparkling black eyes, and a full suit of glossy black hair and beard.

"Ah, Davie! I was not the only one that looked at him. Our poor darling glanced shyly at the stranger, and then dropped her eyes, for she had encountered his gaze fixed upon her. The services had not commenced. Still I should have been attending to my private devotions in the house of the Lord rather than to anything else; but I could not. I could only slyly watch that man, with his handsome face turned toward us, and his beautiful eyes resting on

our darling. Every time he found me out in watching him he turned his gaze some other way, but it was soon back again, seeking our beauty.

"I don't think I should have minded his gazing at our darling so much, for 'ee sees, Davie, all strangers were struck by her when they first saw her; but—she looked at him—modestly, bashfully, shyly, as a pleased child might look at something or someone it was half willing and half afraid to glance at.

"Davie, she could not help it. Did 'ee ever hear, lad, of the charm of the snake for the bird? That was it, lad. The snake was charming our bird! I felt it, Davie! Though I couldn't have explained it then.

"All through the service it was the same. I saw my child's eyes wander shyly from her prayer-book to the eyes that were drawing them, and then drop again upon the page. And all through the sermon it was the same. Very little of Father Moriarty's did she hear, I think, although it happened to be strangely in point, for the subject was the serpent tempting Eve, and the text was this: 'Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, which the Creator had made,' and well the good man taught us from it.

"When the sermon was ended, and the benediction was given, we all went home. We talked of the stranger, as we always talked of strangers in our lonesome neighbourhood, and we all agreed that he was the handsomest and finest looking man we had ever seen, and that he must be some great person—except Desolée. She said nothing, but sat back in her seat at the stern of the boat, silent and thoughtful, until Jimmy asked:

"What do you think of this splendid major-general, sis?"

"She answered:

"I don't know."

"And, indeed, I don't suppose she did know. She had never been so very shy of speaking of any stranger before, but had always had a great many bright, witty things to say.

"Well, we got home, and at our dinner-table we forgot all about the stranger. Nor did we think of him again until about dusk the next day, when my two Jims, father and son, came in from the fishing landing, where—it being the height of the season—they were busy all day long—even taking their dinners with them to save the loss of time in coming home at noon.

"When the two came in that night Jim, my husband, said:

"Well, we have seen the splendid stranger. He has been with General S— at the fishing landing. He is not himself a major-general commanding, as we thought he was from his looks; but he is Mr. Dyvyd Gryphyn of Gryphynhold."

"Now, did you ever hear of such an outlandish name for a man or a place in all the days of your life?" asked my son Jimmy.

"What sort of a man is he?" I inquired.

"Oh, he is just splendid," said Jimmy, heartily.

"And he is an affable, pleasant-spoken gentleman," added Jimmy's father.

"And he is so pleased with our place, you know. He offered father a good sum of money to let him pitch a tent on our shore for seclusion, to study and to fish in quiet," added Jimmy.

"But did you take his offer?" I inquired, with a feeling of misgiving I could no way account for.

"Why, yes," said my Jim. "What could a man say to a gentleman but thank him for his liberal offer and accept it? So he has borrowed General S—'s big tent, and its furniture, and he is coming over her to-morrow to pick out a place to pitch it."

"And how is he going to live, and who is going to cook for him?"

"Oh, he has got a negro servant with him, an old fellow who has gone with him all over the world, and they are going to rough it in camping out this fine weather."

"I don't know why a gentleman should like to do such a thing," I said, with a feeling of dissatisfaction that I could not justify to myself, for there didn't seem to be any good reason for it.

"Well," said my Jim, "I suppose it is love of change. The gentleman is tired of fine houses and fine living, and would like to rough it a little while for the fun of the thing; not that I think he would like it long."

"I turned and looked at Desolée, who had not said a word during the conversation. She sat with her head bent low over her sewing. I told her to put away her work, as it was too dark for her to see, and to help me to get the supper ready, and she got up with her usual sweet willingness and did as I requested.

"The next day, while Jim and Jimmy were at the fishing landing, Dyvyd Gryphyn came on General

S—'s big boat, bringing tent and tent fixtures and furniture, and his own man-servant and several men of the general's to help him raise his tent. Well, lad, he came up to this house and introduced himself to me and to Desolée. He was very polite and pleasing. He was older than I had supposed him to be from seeing him in the church. Now I saw him in the broad sunshine. I guessed he must have been about forty-five; and withal, the handsomest man I had ever beheld at that age, or at any age. Still his years made me feel safer with him, for he was quite old enough to be my darling's father.

"He spoke to her, too, in a fatherly sort of way, and spoke of himself as an old fellow who wanted rest; and all that reassured me, although it ought not to have done so, for, though about forty-five years of age, he looked in all the glow and glory of perfected manhood, and never, I do believe, in all younger days could he have been so strong, so ardent, so handsome, and so dangerous as he was then.

"But, you see, the very thought of his age deceived me into a false security. Well, he and his servant settled themselves in their tent down there near the landing; but almost every day he was up at the house on some excuse or another. Oh! he won my darling's heart by the tone of his voice and the glance of his eyes without ever saying a word of love to her.

"He won all our hearts by the charm of his manner. There did not seem to be any fault that we could find with him. My distrust vanished. He became every day more at home at our house and more intimate with us. To use a common expression, we all thought 'the sun and moon rose and set with him.'

"I know not what spell was upon me, but I no longer feared for our darling, or hesitated to leave her alone with him in this room if my work called me out of it.

"That was a fatal confidence, Davie. 'Ee sees that he made use of these opportunities to court my darling, and she—oh! she had warm blood, quick to love."

"Ah, Davie, the end came sooner than might have been expected! One evening in July, our girl did not come in to tea. We thought she was in the little garden, gathering herbs or flowers, or seeds to put away, or that she was walking by herself along the shore, and so we waited a little while, and then, as she did not appear, Jimmy went out to look for her. It does not take long to look all over the little place, 'ee knows, Davie, and in about twenty minutes Jimmy came back and said he could not find her.

"Now she had never, to our knowledge, gone near the tent of Dyvyd Gryphyn; but when she could be found nowhere else, Jim, my husband, went over there to inquire after her, and came back with a face as white as a sheet, and told us that Mr. Gryphyn and his servant were gone, and General S—'s men were taking away the tent and fixtures. To all of Jim's questions they answered that they did not know where Mr. Gryphyn had gone; but that early in the morning his man had brought a note to General S—, asking him to send some of his people that night to take down the tent.

"Oh, Davie, I hope 'ee'll never in all 'ee life pass such a night of agony as we passed after that. Jim and Jimmy went on the main to make inquiries, but could learn nothing, until they went down to La Compté's Landing to inquire there; for they remembered that was the afternoon for the steamer to stop.

"There they found out that a gentleman and a young girl, answering to the description of Dyvyd Gryphyn and Desolée, had arrived in a row-boat, just before the steamboat stopped on her way to Liverpool, and that they had gone on board.

"That was the news Jim and Jimmy brought back to me at midnight. I had been upstairs to her little loft where she slept in those days, and where you have slept since then, and I had given a look around but found nothing unusual. Now it came into my head to go up and to search carefully, if by any chance, she thought, in her madness, to leave us any explanation of her absence.

"Well, lad, after searching a while, I found a little note under the cushion on her table. Oh, such a piteous little plea, telling us that she could not help what she was about to do—that she was in the power of a spell too strong for her; that Dyvyd Gryphyn was her lover, her husband, her master, her fate!

"That she had no choice but love him and obey him, to do whatever he bade her to do; to follow him whithersoever he should call her to go, even though it were to her own death.

"She wrote that she would be happy in all this,



[AMONG FRIENDS.]

were it not for the sorrow she feared we would feel on her account. She implored us not to be sorry for her, and not to be angry with her, and she said that she would write to us from every stopping place.

"Well, Davie, the question with us then was this: Had the man married her when he stole her from us? The next morning my poor Jim left all his work and went on board a schooner bound for Liverpool, and found out that they had landed, but that was all! Searching for them was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"All in vain were his efforts. He travelled until he had spent all his money, and then, as he could not get employment, he shipped himself on board a brig homeward bound, and worked his passage home to La Compté's Landing, and so he finally got home to receive news here of his lost child.

"For, Davie, I had two letters waiting for him: one from Desolée, written on her arrival at Liverpool, and one written on the eve of her sailing. These letters came directed under cover to Father Moriarty, who brought them to me. The first letter reassured me at once, telling me that she had been married at the Church of the Holy Communion, and enclosing her marriage certificate. The second letter told us that she was going abroad, and would come to see us on her return, and writing to us often during her absence. Both letters were filled with expressions of love for us and prayers for our forgiveness. Now this was the good news with which I was able to welcome Jim home. But, oh, Davie, how he loved that child! He could never seem to get over the sudden loss of her in that way.

"If the gentleman wanted to marry our girl honest and straightforward, why didn't he say so? We thought so highly of him he might have known we would not have refused such a good offer for her as that would have seemed to be. Why should he have stolen her away from us in that underhand, dishonourable way, leaving people at liberty to speak evil of her good name?" he would say.

"Mayhap, Jim, it was his foolish pride that did not like to face all his fine friends with marrying a poor girl right under their noses, and so he took her away to marry her quietly at a distance; and that won't prevent his making her a good husband, after all, Jim," I said, to soothe him, but all in vain.

"Jim never was well from that day. Perhaps he got the seeds of some low fever when he was going about in crowded, unhealthy places in the cities, such

as he never was used to here; for you know poor Jim couldn't afford to lodge in any better places. Anyway, he moped about the house for a day or two, and then took to his bed and never rose from it again until he rose beyond it to the better life.

"He passed away in September. The doctor said he had had malaria fever, and that he might have recovered if his nervous system had not been too much depressed to enable him to rally from it. That is what the doctor said. But 'Jim's nervous system!' I said to myself—why, Jim, you was as strong and hearty as a young lion, never had the least bit of a nervous system until Dywyd Gryphyn stole his darling and broke his heart. Oh, Davie, we put away poor Jim's body in the earth, and then Jimmy and I lived together. Ah, how lonely we were. It took all our Christian faith to support life. Jim was gone, and our darling was gone, and we could never hear from her, no more than we could from him. We had never heard from her once since that letter she wrote to us from Liverpool—not once during poor Jim's last illness. And oh, Davie, it was enough to break one's heart to see how anxiously he looked for the letter that never, never came, and he dying! longing and dying!

"When Father Moriarty would come in to visit him, it was enough to make one weep to see the way he would turn his failing eyes on the priest and ask him:

"Have you got a letter for us, father?—a letter from abroad?"

"No, my son; we must be patient," our priest would say.

"And then Jim would sigh and turn his face to the wall.

"One day Jimmy said:

"Mother, it almost crazes me to see poor father's distress. It is enough to make a fellow write a letter and fix it up for him as if it came from sister."

"I saw the temptation that had assailed my boy; so I said to him:

"No, Jimmy, 'ee must do nothing of the sort. 'Ee mustn't deceive 'ee father, even to give peace to his last hours. Leave that peace-giving to the Lord."

"And later on Father Moriarty reasoned with Jim and asked him if he would not try to cast that burden where he was obliged to cast much heavier ones—on the Lord. And at last Jim found the grace

to do so, and I thank Heaven he departed in perfect peace.

"Well, my dear Davie, after we had laid the body of my poor Jim in the ground, we came back with only one thought—to do our duty while we had to stay here behind.

"I was often sorry for poor Jimmy to think such sorrow had come to him in his youth when he was so young; and especially when I saw that in all his trouble he considered his mother first."

"Oh, Davie, if there was no other life after this, how puzzling this life would be. There was my poor Jimmy in his young manhood stricken with sorrow for the loss of his father, and with deeper sorrow for the loss of his sister—for though he thought she was his sister and only his sister, he loved her with more than a brother's love—there was my poor Jimmy putting away his own trouble and thinking only of me, while I, saying to myself that I was in the decline of life—though only forty years old—was thinking that it did not matter much whether I was happy or miserable, I was so near the next and certain life beyond this, but was only pitying poor Jimmy, who had the whole of this life to live.

"That year was a sad, sorrowful year. In the next, light came. At the Agricultural Fair in the month of September Jimmy met his future wife. He was pleased with her from the start. She was an orphan, the niece of an overseer. He told me all about her when he came home. I knew all about her family—I had come from the same neighbourhood—and so I encouraged him to seek the girl for his bride.

"Well, my boy went a-wooing and in good time brought home his wife. Ah! she was a strong, handsome, hearty lassie, full of sound health and joyous spirits—just the one to come into our sad, depressed family, and give us new life. She was full of life—active, energetic, buoyant, joyous, with a quick step, a firm voice, and a ringing laugh. 'Ee knew her as your mother, Davie, just as you knew Jimmy as 'ee father, but they were of no kin to 'ee, my lad. There was no bond between 'ee but the bond of love, which, when all is said, is much stronger than the bond of blood.

"What a blessing my son's wife, my bonny Kate, was to me, indeed. She was a true daughter, and from the day of her coming we were so much the happier.

(To be Continued.)





[SUSPICION OF THE TRUTH.]

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

### CHAPTER X.

MRS. WITHERS owned a farm of a hundred and fifty acres, with a comfortable cottage on it, but until lately the place had been so badly managed that she derived but a small income from it, and a pension, however insignificant, was of importance to her.

When she entered the parlour before the evening refreshment was brought in, she took with her her son, with shining face, and freshly curled hair, fondly believing that her noble-looking boy would appeal more powerfully to Clayton's sympathies than she herself could hope to do. But Charley was worn out with his day of play, and in spite of her efforts to keep him awake, he curled himself up in a corner on the sofa and was soon sound asleep.

Clayton would have declined leaving the veranda, as Mr. Carr did, but Mrs. Ronald spoke to him, and informed him that her niece wished particularly to see him, as she had business to consult him about.

Wondering greatly at this, he arose at once, and went in, expecting to find a stranger. The young widow came forward to meet him with a timid smile on her lips, and he at once exclaimed:

"Kitty Sanders! I ought to have known when Mrs. Ronald spoke of her niece that it must be you. I remember now—you married Jack Withers—poor Jack, who died in my arms on the battle-field—and I promised him to remember the appeal he made to me in your behalf, and that of his boy, almost with his last breath. I knew you lived in this neighbourhood, and I meant to seek you out before I left it."

Tears came into the soft eyes looking up to his, and, with effort, she replied:

"I am so glad that you remember me. That gives me more confidence to appeal to your kindness, as I mean to do. But we will talk about my affairs after tea is over. This is my boy, Colonel; just look at him as he lies there asleep, and tell me if you do not think him the living image of his father."

Clayton glanced at the sleeping child, and with a smile, said:

"I cannot judge of the resemblance while he sleeps, but I hope he will grow up to be as honourable, true, and useful a man as his father was. He is your only child, I suppose, Mrs. Withers?"

An expression that was inexplicable to him came into her face, and her eyes drooped before his, as she hesitatingly said:

"There is another—a girl—born after my husband's death; she is now fourteen months old; I brought in my boy that you might see how striking is the likeness between father and son; but the baby is too young yet to be of much interest to strangers."

In her embarrassment she talked on, scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and Clayton marvelled that his inquiry should have disconcerted her to so great a degree.

He laughingly replied:

"Not to mention the fact that a young miss of that age should be abed and asleep before this hour. With your leave, I will make her acquaintance in the morning, as I should like to see both of dear old Jack's children. He was my right-hand man, Mrs. Withers; I could always call on him with the certainty that, if possible, the duty assigned him would be promptly and faithfully executed. His loss was a severe one to me, and a greater one to his country. As soon as we are in a condition to look into the claims of those left by our fallen heroes, I intend to see that yours are properly presented, if that is what you wished to see me about, Mrs. Withers."

When he spoke of his lost friend his face saddened, and his voice assumed a tone of sympathy that went to the poor widow's heart. With tears she said:

"How shall I ever thank you for your kindness? That is the service I wished to ask of you. I am not absolutely poor, but I am far from rich, and I look forward to the future of my son with some anxiety. Every little helps, you know, and I wish so much to prepare my boy for an honourable career in life."

"I should think the girl would be more an object of solicitude to you," said he, with a look of surprise; "such a lad as that will find friends enough to help him on among those who knew and appreciated his father. I, for one, shall consider myself as a sort of mentor to him, and I promised your husband it should be my care to see Charley properly

educated and started in life. You must let me stand in the place of godfather to him, Mrs. Withers, and bestow your solicitude chiefly on the little lady who seems to be of less importance in your eyes than the boy, who can fight his own battles, if I am not mistaken."

She changed colour, laughed nervously, and after pausing as if to gather perfect composure said:

"Your rebuke is just. I have made an idol of my boy almost to the exclusion of Bella, though I love her dearly too."

"Bella!" he repeated. "Then your daughter was named after my dear lost friend and second mother, Mrs. Carr?"

"Yes—Bettina named her, and I expect her to be as great a friend to the girl as you promise to be to the boy; that is the reason, perhaps, why I felt less solicitude about the one than the other."

She spoke with perfect self-possession now, yet there was something in her tones which jarred on him, he could not have explained why. Was it a false ring, undetected by herself, when she spoke of the sham relationship between herself and the child which gave him a clue to some deception underlying what she had said with reference to her?

Clayton could not have told, but he felt uncomfortable, and hated himself for suspecting that anything could be wrong beneath the fair and gentle seeming of his friend's widow.

Tea was drank almost in silence, and after it was over, and prayers read as usual, Mrs. Ronald retired, with Charley as her companion, and Mrs. Withers returned to the parlour, and explained more in detail the actual position of her affairs to Colonel Clayton.

In these Clayton took a genuine interest, and he freely gave the advice she asked as to the future management of her small estate. Then he had much to tell her of her husband, and the days they had passed together in camp and on the battle-field, to all of which she listened with vivid interest. When the tall eight-day clock in the hall rang out nine she arose, and would have retired, but Clayton, with slight embarrassment, detained her.

"Don't go quite yet, Mrs. Withers, for there is something I would like to ask you, and I think you may reply to it without hesitation. As boy and girl we knew each other well, and our old confidential friendship gives me courage to ask a favour of you."

She resumed her seat, and with a quiet smile, said: "You have won the right to ask for anything you choose, and I promise to do my best toward granting any request you may make."

Clayton hesitated as if at a loss to choose his words, but finally said:

"You have always visited this house intimately; I wish you to tell me if you saw much of Gerald Denham when he was here more than two years ago?"

"Yes—a great deal, and I liked him very much," was the prompt reply. "I was sorry when Mr. Carr took so unreasonably a dislike to him and sent him off so unceremoniously. It was hardly fair, either to him or to—"

She paused, a crimson flush came over her fair face, and rising abruptly, she said:

"I had better go now, I think, Colonel Clayton, I have answered your question, and to the point; and I think the less said of Mr. Denham at Carmora the better in the present state of affairs."

"The present is the very time to speak of him, since he has intruded himself into this neighbourhood again, although he must know that his presence is not desired by anyone who made his acquaintance before."

"How do you know that?" she quickly asked. "I think that you mistake the situation."

"By no means; he comes in pursuit of Miss Carr, and I have good reason to believe that it will be vain—that it would be so, even if her father's objections to him were not invincible."

The expression of extreme surprise which came into her face struck him disagreeably, and he almost brusquely asked:

"Have you any reason to think differently, Mrs. Withers?"

"I think this," she slowly replied, "that if Bettina does not marry him she will never marry any one else. I must go now; if you detained me an hour I would not say more, nor explain my grounds for this belief."

Mrs. Withers hurried away so precipitately after this utterance that Clayton found it impossible to detain her longer. He looked after her with an expression of doubt and anger on his face, wondering what she could mean by making such an assertion as had just escaped her—yes, when Bettina herself had assured him that all love for Gerald Denham had passed from her heart.

He recalled the interview of the preceding evening, and found much food for unpleasant thought in the agitation Bettina had displayed. That something was terribly wrong he began to feel assured, and he trembled at the mere thought that it might be impossible for him to rescue Bettina from the power of the man of whom she had betrayed both dread and aversion on the previous night.

"What could be the source of that power?" he asked himself, and the only answer that came to him chilled his heart and dashed his own hopes to the earth.

It could not be true—it should not. How could she have carried on so long the course of deception to a father whose fond father which was suggested by his suspicions?

No, he would not judge her—he would not blame her, even if he could not help her, said the loyal heart in the midst of his pain.

He would keep his faith in her till she spoke herself, and bade him no longer trust him.

Fighting these against doubts which amounted almost to conviction, Clayton passed a restless, miserable night, his heart filled with compassion for his old friend; with deep pity for the unfortunate girl, whose position, he feared, was so critical and painful; and with self-condemnation that he had left her to become so indifferent to himself that she had been easily won by a specious deceiver like Denham.

Bettina had secured her child to herself for the night, and she meant to be perfectly happy with her precious darling folded in her arms through the long hours of darkness.

She was really much in need of rest, and the fatigue of playing with and amusing the little one gave her a few hours of uninterrupted repose in the early part of the night.

But gradually fearful dreams came to her; she saw her father wrestling in mortal combat with the man she most dreaded on earth—saw him conquered and his gray hairs stained with blood, yielding before the violence of his young antagonist, when help came from the one against whom she must steel her heart, and as his reward for saving the old man's life he demanded her own hand.

Then came a terrific combat between Clayton and Denham, and before it was decided, she awoke, trembling in every limb, and heard the faint cry of her child, which had been thrown from her arms in her fright, but luckily had fallen on the foot of the bed, in place of rolling to the floor.

Struck with remorse, Bettina sprang up, and clutching the baby to her breast, crept over and caressed her till her sobs were hushed.

"Forgive me once again, my pet, for I am a bad mother, I am afraid. I threw you away from me, in the impulse to throw myself between those two men, who, I know, were fighting for me, and it was not to save your father that I would have thrust myself in danger. Oh! Lord, have mercy upon me, miserable sinner that I am."

Bettina lay awake for hours after that, trying to make up her mind to the necessity of sacrificing father, home, and country, for the sake of the helpless creature that nestled in her arms, yet she could not—she could not think of going with Denham without a shrinking of the heart which made her faint and sick.

Towards dawn she slept again and dreamed, but this time of Clayton alone. He stood beside her, by her mother's tomb, in the old churchyard at Pothick church, not many miles distant, and looking down on her in his protecting way, said in tender yet commanding tones:

"Confide to me all your troubles, Bettina, and by the memory of the love I bore your mother, I pledge myself to help you out of them."

The words came so distinctly to her that she started from her light slumber, unable to realise for a moment that she was not in the old churchyard, with the one friend beside her whom she might dare to appeal for help in her mother's name.

For her sake he would act a brother's part by herself, and mediate between her father and herself, if she only dared to trust him.

Yet how could she when she knew that he loved her—that he had come hither hoping to win her consent to become his wife?

Day was dawning, and long lanes of rosy light found their way through the white curtains. The eyes of Bella opened to greet them with a smile that her young mother thought almost divine, and snatching her to her heart, she cried out:

"Oh, my precious angel! mine you are, mine you must be, let what will happen."

A hearty romp with the little she restored her courage and spirits, and after Bella's toilet was carefully performed, with such assistance as she would permit Lissa to afford her, Bettina dressed herself for breakfast and went down, looking more like herself than she had dared to hope after all she had lately suffered.

## CHAPTER XI.

MRS. WITHERS and Bettina came into the breakfast-room together, each holding a hand of little Charley, who had been washed and curled and dressed in a fresh suit, to be presented in form to his new godfather.

He was a remarkably handsome child, and carried his small person with the independent grace of a young prince.

When Clayton held out his hand, he took it in both his own, and looking earnestly into his face, asked, in his imperfect patois:

"Is co doin' to be my father?"

"No, dear," said his mother, nervously; "you must always remember your own papa, but Colonel Clayton has promised to be a godfather to you."

"Did Dod sen' him here to be my fader? and is he doin' to live at our house?"

The fair widow blushed crimson, and impatiently said:

"I thought I had explained enough to make you understand before we came downstairs. I am afraid that Colonel Clayton will think you very stupid."

"What a quaint little man you are," said Clayton, laughing, and taking him up in his arms. "I am going to look sharply after you, youngster, and see that your fond mother doesn't spoil you by over-indulgence. You are to grow into something wonderful, by-and-by, for I am going to send you to the best schools and make a man of you, who will be of some use in his day."

Charley regarded him debiliably, and at the word school struggled to get down.

"I ain't doin' to fool to be shet up all time from de birds and but fies. I likes dem better'n books."

"Oh, fie! Charley, you naughty boy! Is that all you have to say in return for the colonel's kindness?" said Mrs. Ronald, laughing. "I fear you

will both have a hard road to travel when you set out together."

"I ain't a doin' wiv him; he's dot to tum wiv me, if he wants me for his boy," said sturdy Charley; and his struggles to get free were so vigorous that he was set down on the floor again, and his mother swept him out of the room with a flushed and annoyed face.

When she came back presently without him they were all in their places around the table, and Clayton said:

"I hope you did not punish him, Mrs. Withers? He is a fine little fellow, and I like his frankness better than if he had not spoken out exactly what he thought. Of course, he is too young to care for anything but health and pastime for several years to come yet."

"But he is so bright and smart, and I had drilled him so carefully that I did hope he would acquit himself creditably when you spoke to him."

"That was the mistake you made; he would not have been honest, perhaps, if he had followed out your instructions. Don't try, please, to make me think that boy a prodigy. I dislike precocious children, and so far as my observation goes, they seldom mature into anything remarkable. I shall see that Charley has his chances, and I think he will make the most of them if he is not pushed forward prematurely."

"I will remember what you say, and try to do the best I can for him," was the meek reply of the little widow, made sincerely, though she was in her heart deeply indignant that the child had failed in the part she had set for him to play.

Mr. Carr congratulated his daughter on her reappearance, and delivered to her many complimentary messages which had been left for her by the guests of the previous day. In reply she said:

"Thank you, papa, for remembering all that high-flown nonsense. I hope Colonel Clayton will not think that my head has been turned by such homage as that, though I admit that it is pleasant to know that our neighbours appreciate me so highly. I regret that I was not well enough to receive a few of them, at least, in the drawing-room. But I had company of my own upstairs, which I enjoyed in spite of my indisposition."

Mr. Carr nodded and smiled faintly.

"Little Bella, I suppose."

"Yes; as usual, I took possession of her as soon as she came, and kept her with me all day. She improves in beauty and brightness all the time, and Kitty may look out sharply, or I shall rob her of her pet some day. You would have no objection, I hope, papa?"

"If I thought you were in earnest I should have many, my dear," replied Mr. Carr, seriously. "Kitty has the best right to her own child, and when you marry, little Bella might find out that she would have been happier if she had stayed in her own home."

"But I am not going to marry and leave you, papa," she cried out, with unusual colour flaming in her cheeks. "I mean to devote my life to you, if you will allow me to choose my own course, and I have extorted a promise from Kitty that when I ask for her in earnest she will give me little Bella for my adopted daughter."

"Then Kitty is a more unnatural mother than I ever thought she could be. Give away her child, indeed! and she able to take care of it! Don't talk such nonsense, Betty; I don't approve of it. Besides, you will change your notion about marrying when the right man has time to press his suit. You are the last descendant of the Carrs of Carmora, a family honourably known in the land since Lord Baltimore brought over the first of the name in this country, and it is incumbent on you to marry, and raise up sons of your own to sustain the old house."

All the colour faded from Bettina's face as she listened. She could only find voice to say:

"Oh, papa, how can you be so cruel when the one desire of my life is to remain here in single blessedness, and devote myself to you, with Bella as my comforter and companion when I grow to be old in my turn."

"Cruel, Betty? What strong words you use," repeated Mr. Carr, unconscious of the stab his words had given her in taking from her the one hope that sustained her—that she might rid herself of Denham, and in her old home find happiness in the constant supervision of the child whose relationship to herself she wished to conceal invisibly from him.

"I do not think that I am unkind either to you or Bella, my dear, for she would inevitably be put in the background some day. I hope that you are very fond of me, but I do not wish to be so selfish as to keep you unmarried. I expect you to give me a good son-in-law. I demand it of you, indeed, as the one thing that you can do to crown my old age with



joy. That is if you choose the right man, and I have too high an opinion of your judgment and good taste not to feel confident that things must go as I have long settled they shall go. Only let me settle your destiny for you, and all will be right, my daughter. You owe me this concession in return for one I made you long ago."

Mrs. Ronald here came to the rescue by saying: "While you are discussing Betty's matrimonial prospects, Cousin Robert, your coffee will get cold; and as it is only of late that we could get coffee at all, I think you had better enjoy yours while it is fit to drink."

"Thank you, Nancy, for reminding me that private affairs ought not to be discussed in family conclave. I was betrayed into it by Bettina's absurd declaration that she means to live single and adopt a child. Ha! ha! What would her mother say to that, I wonder, if she had power to make her opinion known to us?"

"She would say this, papa: that the happiness and well-being of her daughter should always be your first consideration. I have such faith in your affection for me that I know you will eventually allow me to pursue the course I sincerely believe is the only one that affords a promise of contentment for me. But we will waive the subject now, if you please. There is ample time in which to settle my future, and I do not care to have it further discussed to-day."

After one long, penetrating look at her changing face, which she vainly tried to hold under control, Clayton turned away, conscious that his scrutiny was distressing to her; but every inflection of her voice had a meaning for his ear, and like a leaden weight fell the certainty on his heart that she meant him to understand that no more hope was left for him than for any other lover who might pretend to her favour.

As they arose from the table a servant came to the door to say to Mrs. Withers that her gig was ready, and Clayton hastened to say:

"You promised that I should make the acquaintance of this charming little Bella, who seems to be a bone of contention among you, Mrs. Withers. I hope you are not going to run away without allowing me to see her."

"By no means, if you really desire it. Lissa is walking in the yard with her, and if you will come with me to the colonnade I will exhibit the pretty darling with pleasure."

An expression of alarm came into Bettina's face, for she feared that the resemblance the child bore to her father might be remarked at once by so keen an observer as Clayton, and she hastened to find Lissa, and arrange over the little girl's face a veil usually worn by her in the open air.

"Tain't no use to put it down yet, Miss Betty," remonstrated the girl. "Once it makes her fret, an' Miss Kitty never kivers her face wif it afore she starts to drive fast, an' gath'ra heap o' wind."

To this her young lady sharply replied: "You are to keep the child as I bid you. I will not have her health risked in this early morning air, with nothing to protect her face; and I am surprised that Kitty allows it."

"It's de fust time, anyhow, dat you was so pertikler yerself," muttered Lissa, as she walked on more quickly after this reproof. "I does wonder now what's inside 'em when so much fuss has to be made over Miss Kitty's baby? Dere wasn't half so much about Charley, an' he's a boy as is wurf talkin' 'bout."

Bettina escaped by a pathway leading around the house, and by the time the gig drove up to the raised brick walk which formed the pathway of the colonnade, she came out of the back door to see Mrs. Withers off.

Bettina saw at once that her precaution had been useless. Bella had fought with the veil with her vigorous little hands, and a small, flushed face, with angry eyes, emerged from its folds just as Clayton came forward with Mrs. Withers to assist her into the carriage.

Under other circumstances the likeness to Denham might not have been so strongly marked, but just at that moment Bella wore the very same expression he had seen on the young Englishman's face on more than one occasion when his temper had been aroused.

A great pang came to his heart as he said to himself:

"That is Gerald Denham's child, and Bettina is her mother. What can these women mean by carrying on such a deception, I wonder? And what could Betty have meant by talking to me of him like she did last night? After making a clandestine marriage she waxes of her bargain, and ready to repudiate it? One might think so, indeed. I shall find out; for if she can be nothing to me my old friend's daughter must not be permitted to drift to ruin for the lack of a strong hand to hold her back."

"I begin dimly to comprehend her vows of this morning. She has learned the utter baseness of the man she has thrown herself away on, and her one idea now is to conceal her marriage from her father, and tacitly repudiate the tie that binds her to Denham, hoping that he will give her up, and go back alone to his own country to the wealth and honours that await him there, if his own story is true."

Absorbed by his own painful thoughts, after a single glance at the child, he turned his eyes in another direction, and seemed only intent on settling Mrs. Withers comfortably among the baskets, jars, and so forth, with which it was Mrs. Ronald's practice to load down the gig after a day of wasaill at Carmora, such as yesterday had been.

When the infant was at last handed in to her Mrs. Withers removed the veil, smoothed the ruffled ringlets, and gave a few skilful crimps to the cap-border before holding Bella up, and saying:

"You have scarcely looked at my beauty, Colonel Clayton, though you expressed a wish to see her. Is she not a lovely, little, dimpled darling?"

The child, restored to good humour, looked up with a smile into his eyes as he bent them upon her at this direct challenge, and she started as he saw mirrored in hers the same blithe sweetness which had often beamed on him from Bettina's eyes in the days of her childhood.

In tones which were almost stern, he replied:

"The little girl is all you say, but it is a pity, madame, that she is so unlike yourself, or her little brother there. Good morning. I think you will have a pleasant drive."

Clayton stepped aside to give place to Bettina, who had come steadily forward, though her heart was beating violently, and she saw that in Clayton's face which told her that, for her own sake, she had better take him into her confidence as far as she dared, for already he had penetrated a secret successfully withheld from her father for so long a time.

Mrs. Withers, startled and unnerved by his singular words and manner, hurriedly whispered to Bettina as she bent towards her:

"He suspects—he guesses the truth. You had better confide in him and get him to intercede with your father in behalf of your husband."

To her infinite surprise Bettina said, almost aloud:

"I would sooner die than do the last. If any intercession is needed, it is with Gerald himself, to induce him to go his way, and leave me to go my own in peace. It is all I ask of him now."

"Bettina!" came from her friend's lips in tones of sharp surprise and remonstrance, "do you know what you are saying?"

"Only too well, I am afraid. I am at a desperate crisis in my life, Kitty, and only desperate measures are likely to be of any benefit to me. But for this little one, I should long since have repudiated every tie that binds me to her father. I shall do it yet, if he will only consent, and leave the child with me."

"And if he will not?" asked Mrs. Withers, in frightened tones, at the same time drawing the child more closely to her heart, as if involuntarily preparing to defend such claims as she herself had established upon Bella.

"Ah! in that case all must be told, and I may possibly go to the husband, who has no pity in his nature, as an unwilling wife and a repudiated daughter. See what I have made of the life that opened so fairly, Kitty; but, believe me, I am not so bitterly to blame as you may think."

"This takes away my breath—it is so dreadfully unexpected! The best thing you can do is to make a friend of Colonel Clayton, and I strongly advise you to do so, Betty. Here comes Aunt Nancy. Does she know—?"

"Yes, and she thinks, as the world is apt to do, that, being a helpless woman, I should submit to my fate. If I only considered myself, perhaps I might; but I have my dear old father to protect from all knowledge of the fatal error I have made, if it be possible for me to accomplish that."

Bettina drew back, feeling at the moment desperate enough for any step which promised relief to the tormenting dread that filled her heart. Clayton had turned off and walked away as she approached, and he was now leaning against the wall, looking cold and gloomy enough to have discouraged any one less reckless than Bettina had become after the incidents of the last forty-eight hours.

Mrs. Ronald came out of the butler's house with both hands full, followed by Charley and Tom, who, child-like, had lingered to the last moment where sweet things were to be had for the asking.

Clayton again came forward to assist in placing the children; and when all Mrs. Ronald's directions and cautions were over and she herself had gone back to her duties, Mrs. Withers said, with frightened eyes, as he put the reins in her hands:

"Things seem to be going very wrong here, Colonel, and I think you can be a good friend to Betty, and keep her true to her duty. If you will only not look so cold and stern as you did just now. She will tell you her difficulties if you will only seem more inclined to sympathise with her than to condemn."

"I should be sorry to have cause to do either, madame," was the stiff reply.

And after she had driven away, looking disappointed and unhappy, he felt sorry that he had not been less brusque.

But at that moment, the sudden confirmation of his suspicions was so heavy a blow that it taxed all his manhood to maintain outward calmness, that the fire which raged within him might be veiled by his frigid demeanour.

He walked to and fro on the brick pavement, trying to calm himself, and make up his mind to the inevitable before again encountering Bettina, when, to his infinite amazement, she issued from the house with her walking-hat on, and a light parasol in her hand.

She came up to him with fluctuating colour, and, with assumed playfulness, asked:

"Will you walk with me down to the conservatory? You have not been there since you came, and I have something to say to you which—which I think I had better confide to you, as you are the one friend in whom I can trust to help me, if you will."

"I have pledged myself to do that, I think," he replied with some coldness, as he walked on beside her down the shaded pathway leading over the lawn to a long, low glass structure divided into two compartments, in one of which were tropical plants; in the other grape vines from Hambourg and Havana, making a network over the walls, and in the centre of the floor was a long stand filled with jars of flowering plants.

The house itself was set back in a square, formal-looking yard, surrounded by a hedge of clipped box, and all the walks were bordered with the same.

The two walked on in utter silence after Clayton's chilling assurance that he had given his word to befriend her, in case she called on him to do so, and Bettina was more than once tempted to turn back and leave her confession unmade.

But for the wretched strain in which she stood she would have done this, and left him to conjecture what he might concerning herself and her affairs; but her own helpless weakness appealed to her to avail herself of the only aid she was likely to have in her struggle with the fate that menaced her.

The door of the conservatory stood open on that warm, bright day, and when they gained it Bettina turned suddenly, and looking up into Clayton's face, impetuously asked:

"Do you think it a righteous judgment that you have entered in your heart against me, Colonel Clayton? Is it fair? Is it just to condemn the basest criminal unheard? And I, alas! have been 'more sinned against than sinning.'"

There was infinite compassion in his voice—deep tenderness and respect in his manner, as he replied:

"I have not been judging you, Betty—I have been striving for the mastery over myself, as we came hither. I believe that I have won it, and now I can easily believe that you were no match for the man who seems to have victimised you in some way it is hard for me to understand. I believe you too devoted to your father to run counter to his wishes, yet in the most important events of your life, I am constrained to believe that you have done so."

"I never meant to disobey him. I declare to you I never did. I am the most miserable of women, for I have forfeited my father's protection, my own self respect, for a man for whom I have the most profound disdain. I would sooner die than go with him, yet when he bids me follow him I may have no alternative but to obey or starve."

A sudden gleam came into Clayton's eyes, but he was careful not to turn them towards her.

"Then you do not love him? You do not ask me to intercede for him with your father?"

"No! no! a thousand times no! Help me to save papa from all knowledge of this wretched entanglement. That is the aid I demand. If necessary, frighten Gerald Denham from his purpose to claim me as his wife. Make him understand that he is to go back to England without letting it be known that he and I were ever more than friends; and that he is to make no effort to remove my child from this country. I have demanded this of him myself, but I am certain it will not be granted. He is lying in wait now, ready to make a spring on me at a moment favourable to his plans, and there is nobody—nobody but you—who would make an effort to save me from his cruel power. I appeal to you in my mother's name; for I feel that individually I forfeited all claim on you when I listened to Gerald Denham's protestations of love, and believed them."

Bettina, overpowered by emotions of shame and remorse, sunk down on a rustic bench near the door, and covered her face with her hands.

Clayton looked down on her with many contending emotions, but at length vaguely said:

"The little girl is, then, really your own? Yet why should I ask when I saw the blended likeness the moment I looked into her face? It is marvellous to me that your father has not detected it before this. He is evidently as unsuspicious as a child, yet what a drama has been enacted around him! I cannot understand how all this has been managed."

Bettina lifted her face, now pale as that of the dead, and defiantly said:

"It was managed, and successfully; so no matter about the details. I did not ask you to speculate on what has been done, but to tell me what shall be accomplished toward protecting me from the man I dread so deeply that I think of no fate so terrible as being compelled to go with him as the companion of his future life. You hesitate—you wish to rain time, and that proves to me that—that I did wrong to make this appeal. Forget it. I can accept my fate and die in the chains I was mad enough to assume but I will not force you to serve me against your will."

She made an effort to rise, but Clayton put out his hand and placing her upon the bench again, took a seat beside her, and holding her hand in both his own, said, in quiet tones:

"Bettina, you are excited and unjust, or you would never accuse me of indifference to what concerns yourself. The shock of this discovery is yet upon me, and I cannot think or judge clearly enough to see at once what is best to be done. You must have patience with me, for I am slightly dazed, I believe. There is one thing that I understand clearly enough, though, and that is, that with your present state of alienated feeling toward Denham there must be no thought of a return to him."

"Oh, no—never!" and she shivered through all her frame. "Nothing but the fear of actual want shall induce me to do that. If my father casts me off I may have no other resource. He will surely do it if he learns that—oh! it is too dreadful even to think of that humiliating phase of my life."

"Never fear—you shall not go back to Denham, let what may happen. I shall have a word to say on that score as well as Mr. Carr. But let that pass for the present. I confess that your story is a puzzle to me, Betty, for you must once have loved that man very dearly, or you could never have borne the relation you now hold toward him."

Flushing crimson, she said, in a low tone:

"I did love an ideal Gerald Denham with all the silly fervour of sweet sixteen; when the real man showed himself to me in all his selfish baseness I repudiated him—I shrank from him as from something alien to myself, and—and—we parted—I hoped for ever; but he has never ceased to persecute me and threaten a revelation to my father. He is here now to strike a final blow, I am convinced, and you alone can help me in my need."

Clayton gravely replied:

"You can disarm his power at once yourself, Betty, by allowing me to prepare Mr. Carr for the threatened visit. Do not shrink and grow pale at such a proposal, my dear girl, for the safest and best way for you is to take your father into your confidence. You cannot seriously doubt that he will cling to you and stand between you and the husband you fear? You are all he has, and he is an old man now. Besides, I shall be near, always ready to sustain you. Shall it not be so, Betty?"

With pallid firmness Bettina replied:

"At any cost of suffering to myself, papa must be saved the humiliation of knowing that I have ever been the wife of a man like Gerald Denham. I believe such knowledge would almost cost him his life. I must spare him at all hazards."

"I honour your filial affection, Betty; but in all cases the truth, however bitter, had best be told. It is both degrading and demoralising to pursue any but a straightforward course, and I most strenuously urge you to tell your father all. He and I can then act together, and rout the enemy without mercy."

She shook her head, and with white lips, said:

"I cannot bear to bring such grief on him—such bitter shame on myself. But for the hope that you could aid me to spare him I should not have applied to you. If you cannot do that, make no attempt to act at all. Forget what I have told you, and let things take their course."

"As if I could that," was the reproachful reply. "If I can help you in no other way I must do so on your own terms, repugnant as concealment is to me. If I understand you, you wish me to seek Denham and frighten him for his purpose to come hither at all."

"Ye-es. I think that will not be difficult, for he is a coward; no one but a base coward could act the

base part he has played towards me. Only free me from his presence in this country, Colonel Clayton, and I shall be your debtor through all the rest of my life."

"I think I may promise to do that," he slowly replied; "but it will be necessary for me to know this story more minutely before I encounter Mr. Denham. If I am to fight your battle successfully, I must be thoroughly armed, you know. Can you bear to go into such details as are necessary, Bettina?"

"No—I cannot—I think I had rather die than do it. You can ask Mr. Ronald; she knows all, and she thinks it my duty to return to my husband. You are my chosen knight, you know, and you are not to adopt her views."

"It is hardly likely that I could be induced to adopt that one," replied Clayton, emphatically.

And flushing slightly, Bettina went on:

"I give you leave to require of Nanty a full history of all she knows of my married life. She knows what good reason I have to recoil from the man who has shown himself without scruples, without principle of any kind. Oh, that was a fatal day in which I fell into his power!"

Bettina arose excitedly and began to move rapidly through the garden.

Thanking her briefly for the permission to see Mrs. Ronald and question her, Clayton went back to the house, feeling bewildered by what he had been told, yet not altogether miserable.

(To be Continued.)

## THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

I saw him so often sitting beside the door of his little house, quite alone. It was a pretty home, and there was a little vegetable garden. Once there had been flowers; only the hardier sorts, that live for years without care, now grew in a wild and straggling fashion over the fences and against the walls.

Once passing him, he looked up with a smile and a sailor-like bow; and I spoke to him.

"You are looking at the sea," I said; "do you see any signs of change of weather? No doubt you can read them better than most people. I have heard that sailors always can."

He smiled and nodded.

"Aye, ma'am," he said. "No doubt there'll be a storm; but I warn't thinking of the weather. I've a way of watching the sea, a habit, that's all."

"Perhaps you expect something of it?" I said. He sighed and shook his head again.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I expect the sea has brought me all it ever will. Ned was drowned, and Dan hasn't been heard of for five years; the other boys are dead. Middle-aged men when they went. And Rose, you didn't know Rose, ma'am. No, no, nor Nelly, my wife. But as I sit here watching the sea it seems only a little while since I was a young sea-faring fellow, coming home from my long voyages with birds and shells and comical foreign things for her. Coming home to marry her at last, and live here, just by this shore, with babies one after the other climbing my knees, and I turned fisherman and stayed at home."

"But it all comes back as I talk. I've had good luck along the shore and bought this home, and I think I'm as happy a man as lives, with such a wife and boys like those, and a home for them and no fear of poverty; but one after the other they sail away, this one to the east, that one to the south—and Ned is dead—and we don't know whether Rob is living or not; and there are only the wife and me at home, and little Rose—Rose was Ned's child; we've taken her."

"Yes, years and years ago. Years and years—then I was a man with a grey beard, and Nelly was an elderly woman; and we'd sit and talk over the boys—and Rose was our great comfort. Oh! but she was pretty—pretty and sweet and good."

And so she grew up. We had her taught, and we dressed her well. We were rich enough to do that for Ned's girl—poor Ned's little girl—and she loved us, and we thought, as she grew older, that maybe she'd marry, as one might say, above her station; for there was the minister's son, a fine young man, in love with her; and he to be a minister himself one day; and his parents willing, because our girl was as sweet and fine as any lady in the land, and well taught, too; and for her good we rather laid commands on the child to say 'yes' when she was asked.

"I wish we hadn't. I wish we hadn't. Maybe she might have told us more of what went on,

"It was no harm at first, only a young fellow who came to fish by the sea, and spoke to Rose, asking the way somewhere, and so they grew acquainted. But she, having said 'yes' to the minister's son, was afraid of being scolded, and she met the young man without our knowledge; and the young heart is hard to train, and if love and duty do not go together, Heaven help any girl. How he did it we never knew; but one day we could not find Rose. We thought some terrible accident had happened to her, and we searched the country through, and all who knew us helped us, but in vain; for in a few days there came a boy who said a lady had given him a letter for us; and it was from Rose."

"GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER DEAR"—she wrote—"I've done a wrong thing—I've gone off to be married. I was engaged to Mr. Glenn, I know, but I did not love him, and I do love Arthur. When I come back you'll have to forgive me, for there'll be no help, and Mr. Glenn will have another wife better than I. He is cold and stern with me. I never please him; and you will like Arthur. He says his mother will like me. And we shall be married at her house. And oh, you must forgive your own love, who always loves you."

"That is what she wrote to us."

"The grandmother cried and said:

"'Perhaps it would all be well; but I know men better than she.'

"I did not expect the girl back as she did, and I was right. Days passed and weeks and years. She never came. Nelly hoped for a long while; when she gave up hoping, her heart broke. She died, and I was alone. The boys were far away or dead. I sat by the house-door, as I do now, an old man, with white hair, whose work was over, but I watched the sea. It seemed to me that it would bring me something one day, and so it did."

"Over there, sir, where you see something black rise, like a great dolphin's back above the water, are dreadful rocks, on which many a good ship has gone to pieces. I've seen more than one wrecked there in my time; and there, one night, drifted a French steamer, in such a plight that every sailor knew there was no hope for her. Perhaps some of the poor souls on board her could be saved, but no one could tell certainly. There was a terrible storm, and very few boats could live in such a sea. However, as I said, they did the best they could all through that dreadful night, and when day broke they had saved some; but many a dead body lay along the beach, and I walked there, looking at them, and thinking of Ned and Ben both drowned as these poor sailors were, when I came upon a woman's body lying on its side."

"It was a young woman, and her hair was long and black, and somehow her hands were folded together under its cheek, as if she had been sleeping. I looked and looked, and the more I looked the more I felt that the face was like one I knew; and suddenly it all came back. This dead woman looked like Rose, and suddenly the truth came—it was Rose. And I cried out, and the people gathered about me. I was trembling so that I could hardly speak; but I managed to tell them what I thought, and they lifted the body and brought it to my house here, and the women dressed it for the grave; and in its bosom they found a little bag, sewed up in oil silk, so that the water had not harmed it; and they brought it to me."

"If it is your Rose, and we think it is," said one of the good souls, "you should look at this."

"And I cut the silk, and there I found a letter, and on it was written my name, and a prayer, that if she did not live to reach England, some good soul would send it to me."

"GRANDFATHER DEAR"—it began—"I am coming to you as fast as I can; but there is a dread upon me that I shall not reach you. I heard from you a while ago. A sailor from our old home says that you are alive; and I know, if ever I get to you, you'll forgive me. There is a great deal to forgive, but I've suffered; I've been punished."

"He with whom I went was a very bad man. I think he is dead, but I'm not sure; and I'm coming home, poor and sad, and ashamed to tell you all, and live with you if you'll let me. Oh, I know you will; I haven't any fear. Just as He forgives sinners you'll forgive me. But if I don't come, then you may know I'm dead. I kiss the paper. Good-bye, dear grandfather, good-bye. Your poor, wretched little Rose."

"That was all, ma'am. But it was enough. The sea has brought me all it can. Ned is lost and Ben dead, and Dan haven't been heard of for years. The other boys—yes, they are dead too. The sea cannot bring me anything, ma'am—no, no."

So he shook his head and walked away.



That was a year ago. Yesterday, going to that sea-side place again, I passed the home of the old sailor.

He was sitting at the door, but he arose and came to meet me and smiled.

"You're the lady I spoke to a year ago," he said. "I remember I told you the sea could not bring me anything, but it has. My Dan has come back—my Dan. He's been on a desert island for years, but he's hale and hearty, and he's married to a girl that waited for him, and never gave him up all this while. That's her inside, and I feel young again, they are both so fond of me, and she makes it such a home."

And then I saw that the garden had been weeded and that the windows were bright, and from one of them peeped just then a comely, middle-aged woman's face, and a pleasant voice called:

"Father, when you are ready, dinner is."

"That's my daughter-in-law," said the old man, cheerily. "Good-bye; it sort of seems as though you brought me luck, asking if the sea was going to send me anything. I shan't forget you. Good-bye, and good luck." R. H.

### HAIR.

If Mr. Darwin's humiliating theory of the descent of man is correct, what is hair but an everlasting proof of man's connection with the monkey tribe, which, as it becomes less and less hairy the more it develops, affords ground for the hope that when man reaches the exalted pinnacle upon which he is sooner or later to stand his head and face will be quite hairless? Yet, notwithstanding that hair appears to be one of the connecting links between man and the monkey, there are people who cultivate it with an assiduity which it is positively painful to contemplate. Herein lies the cause of many of the awful troubles for which it is responsible.

It would be sheer cruelty to ask readers to linger upon the theme of a young man who sighs, but sighs in vain, for whiskers; who applies mysterious and awful preparations to his smooth face in the hope that hair will spring up in a trice as mushrooms do in a meadow, but whose only reward is agonising suspense and terrible disappointment, and who makes valiant attempts to shave away the mucous membrane of his face, in the fallacious hope that, by removing certain shadowy-looking hairs, his sterile chin and lips may be rendered capable of producing a plentiful crop of whiskers and moustaches. But if we will not dilate on the tribulation of such an unfortunate being, we feel justified in speaking of the miseries of those who have hair, if not in abundance, at least in a sufficient quantity to enable them to toy with it and endeavour to make it ornamental.

The people who are so burdened are ever racked by harrowing fears that they will lose their precious hair, and these fears are certainly not lessened by the artifices of that most wily race of men, the barbers. Then they are continually in a state of agitation as to how they shall set their hair off to the best advantage. Will it look best parted in the middle or at the side? Will certain preparations detract from its glossiness or add to it? Will the moustache be most impressive when it is curled to a point or left in all the glory of bushiness? Should the hair be shaved off the chin or the cheek, in order that the effect of what remains may be heightened, or should wherever it appears be encouraged to grow?

All these are weighty queries which poor humanity finds it a long and difficult task to answer. This is bad enough, but worse remains to tell. In their sincere efforts to do the best that they can with their hair not a few worthy persons succeed in getting themselves set down as fops, or idiots, or disreputable Bohemians. As you walk along the streets you judge a man more by his whiskers and his moustache than, perhaps, anything else; and for this reason the judgment is invariably unfavourable. Of course, first judgments are often modified, but it takes a long, long time to overcome the bad impression which has been created by an objectionable moustache or an ill-looking pair of whiskers. Even the hair of the head is a treacherous betrayer. If it is red or if it bristles its owner is set down as a bad-tempered curmudgeon; if it is sleek and damp-looking, he is assumed to be a hypocrite.

On the other hand, no one ever thinks of saying that a man is good tempered, or clever, or kind, because his hair is of a certain colour and texture. Thus it will be seen that the hair is essentially a calumniator. Then it is frequently a miserable deceiver in another way. It has betrayed the secrets

of lovers over and over again, and will do so many times more. A young man of a certain sort has no sooner felt the sting of Cupid's arrow than he makes frantic attacks upon his hair, which is curled this way and twisted that, with the lamentable result that he succeeds in making himself about half as attractive as he would otherwise be. In point of fact, you may, if you are a keen observer, tell when a young man is falling a victim to the tender passion by merely keeping a watch upon his hair, which is sufficient proof that the hair is a false enemy which ought to be hated with a deep and an inveterate hatred.

It may be urged that the ills which have been enumerated are not sufficient to wreck the happiness of a lifetime. It may be so. At any rate, we are not prepared to argue the question. But it cannot surely be contended that the hair does not wreck lives? Anyone who has seen a man, with chattering teeth, hacking away at the bristles which cover his face, on a morning when the thermometer is considerably below freezing-point, must have experienced sorrow for that man. He must have done more. He must have felt sympathetic when the man having, after several abortive (unintentional) attempts, at last succeeded in inflicting an awful gash upon his chin, proceeds to anathematise the razor in particular and the whole of creation in general, and finishes by having a serious quarrel with his wife or anyone else who is come-at-able.

Such a quarrel has more than once resulted in a separation; while, to descend somewhat lower, we may say that the catastrophes which the lawful use of razors has caused have been responsible for more fire-and-brimstone sermons and breaches of politeness on the part of employer towards employed than most people imagine. It may be alleged that what we have written refers only to men; and that as women, except in a few melancholy instances, do not possess hair upon their faces, it does not apply to them.

All that we can say upon this point is that the hair which they have upon the tops of their heads is more than they can comfortably manage. The mysterious shapes which it assumes are the result of hard work and powerful thought; it is a pivot round which circles a gigantic mass of deception; and, what is, perhaps, worst of all, it is the cause of never-ending expense.

It cannot be fairly argued upon behalf of hair that it protects those whom it victimises against the inclemency of the seasons. At any rate, if it protects any it protects the young and vigorous, who can do very well without its protection. Babies, whom one rough blast might kill, it avoids; the aged, whose blood is cold and thin, it cruelly forsakes. In other words, it only deigns to honour those who are in the full strength of maturity. Instead of being a solace to the sorrowing, it flies or turns its coat at the approach of adversity. Who can describe the pangs which it inflicts while it is turning its coat? Did anyone ever laugh at the sight of his or her first grey hairs.

No doubt it may be truthfully stated in the grey hair's behalf that it has brought many a proud beauty to reason, and has thus been the means of implanting peace in many a manly bosom. But this is a small gain compared with the pangs which it inflicts. People might decline to believe that they were growing old, and they might even succeed in their efforts to deceive their neighbours, if it were not for their hair. But it is implacable. Even dyes cannot conquer its resolution, for if it condescends to assume the colour of a dye for a season, it revenges itself by decaying and falling off the head in handfuls.

### RULES FOR MATRIMONY.

THEY who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness.

Marry in your own religion. Never both be angry at once. Never taunt with a past mistake.

Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke. Never allow a request to be repeated. Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse. If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

Make a marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry into a family which you have long known. Never make a remark at the expense of the other.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company. Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials. If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another. Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.

Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.

Never deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never trust wholly again.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits, or preferences.

Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air.

The very felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation, or sphere of the other.

A hesitating or grum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

### A DICTIONARY WANTED.

A WOMAN who had been reading about frauds in the paper turned to her husband, and inquired:

"My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that a man has 'squealed'?"

"Why," replied the man, loftily, "they mean that some member of the ring has 'peached' on the rest."

"Peached on the rest?" exclaimed the wife; "now what does that mean?"

"Why, it means that he's—he's 'blowed on 'em.'"

"Blowed on them?"

"Yes; you see, he's given 'em away."

"Given them away?"

"Why, of course—dummit! Can't you understand anything? Do you think I'm an unabridged dictionary?" continued the husband, impatiently. "It means he's—he's 'let out on 'em'—' gone back on his pals'—'squealed'—you know."

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the man's lucid explanation; but not wishing to appear ignorant in her husband's eyes, she remarked, "Ah, yes; I see!" and forbore further questioning.

## THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

EVERARD was as good as his word, and before noon of the next day the lawyer, whose name was Hamilton, was perfectly familiar with all the facts in the case, even to knowing just who the parties were, and entering heart and soul into the matter promised his client his freedom within a few months, on certain conditions, of course, with which he must comply.

It was just at this point that the telegram came startling Everard so much that he forgot everything in his haste to return home and see if aught had befallen Rosamond.

It had something to do with her he was sure, but no thought that it had to do with Josephine entered his mind until he stepped from the train and heard that she was at the Forrest House.

For an instant his brain reeled, and he felt and acted like a drunken man as he went to claim his travelling-bag.

Then, without a word to anyone, though several spoke to him, he walked rapidly away in the darkness, with a face as white as the few snowflakes which were just beginning to fall, and a feeling like death on his heart as he thought of Rosie left alone to confront Joe Fleming as his wife.

And yet it did not seem very strange to him that Josephine was there.

It was rather as if he had expected it just as the murderer expects the day when his sin will find him out.

Everard's sin had found him out, and as he sped along the highway, half running in his haste to know the worst, he was almost glad it had come at last, the thing he had dreaded so long, and to himself he said:

"I'll face it like a man, whatever the result may be."

He was on the avenue by this time, going rapidly to the house, which seemed unusually brilliant, for there were lights in the hall, and in the reception-room and dining-rooms, and in the chamber he called his own, and at sight of that he ground his teeth together, for he guessed readily that Josephine occupied his room, and that seemed to thrust her upon him whether he would have her or not.

"But I won't—I never will!" he said, aloud.

And he was conscious of setting his foot down hard by way of emphasising his words.

From the windows of Rossie's room a faint light was shining, but it told him nothing of the sick girl lying there so nervous and excited, that bright fever spots burned on her cheeks, and her hands and feet were like lumps of ice as she waited and listened for him, hearing him the moment he struck the gravel-walk beneath her window, for he purposely turned aside from the front piazza, choosing to enter the house in the rear lest he should first encounter the woman, who, like Rossie, was waiting and watching for him and feeling herself grow hot and cold alternately as she wondered what he would say.

And still she did not care much about what he said; he could not put aside the fact that she was his wife and as such had a right to be there. She had been so much flattered that day by the attentions of the people who came to call upon her, that she felt both defiant and triumphant, and almost as if she were mistress of the house. In fact, she had told what she wanted for supper, and had ordered the hall lamp lighted, and an extra one to be put in the dining room.

She wished the house to look cheerful and bright for Mr. Forrest when he came, as he was sure to do that evening, she said; and she made herself as attractive as possible in her black cashmere and jet, with the white shawl around her shoulders, and her golden hair falling low on her neck in heavy masses of curls.

And then, with a French novel in her hand, she sat down to wait for the first sound of the carriage which was to bring him, for she did not dream of his walking that cold, wet night, and was not on the alert to see the tall figure which came so swiftly through the darkness, skulking like a thief behind the shrubbery till it reached the rear door, where it entered, and stood face to face with old Aunt Axie, who in her surprise almost dropped the bowl of gruel she had been preparing for Rosamond. She did spill it, she set it down so quickly, and putting both her hands on Everard's shoulders, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mars'r Everard, praise de Lord you am come at last; I couldn't b'ar it much longer, the 'spense, with Miss Rossie sick upstairs all along of it, and that woman below awashin' round wid her long-tailed gowns, an' her yaller ha'r hangin' down her back, an' sayin' she is your wife. She isn't your wife, Mars'r Everard—she isn't!" and Axie looked earnestly at the young man, who would have given more than half his life to have been able to say:

"No, she is not."

But he could not do that, and his voice shook as he replied:

"Yes, Aunt Axie, she is my wife."

Axie did not cry out or say a word at first, but her dark face quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she took a rapid mental survey of the case as it stood now.

Everard's wife must of course be upheld for the credit of the family, and though the old woman knew there was something wrong, it was not for her to inquire or to let others do so either; and when at last she spoke, she said:

"If she's your wife sho', ther I shall stan' by her."

He did not thank her or seem to care whether she stood by his wife or not, for his next question was:

"You said Rosamond was sick. Has she been so long? What is the matter?"

"Sore throat and bad cold fust, and then your wife comed an' took us by surprise, an' Miss Rossie fainted clear away, and has been as white an' still and slumpy as a rag ever since."

Something like a groan escaped from Everard's lips, and then he asked when the lady came and how, and if she had seen Rossie.

"No, not the young one, but the old one was in that this evenin' nussin' of her," Axie replied, and Everard asked, quickly:

"Whom do you mean by the old one? Is it her sister? Is it Agnes?" and when told that it was, he

was conscious of a sense of relief—a feeling that in Agnes, who knew all the circumstances of his marriage, he had a strong ally, and he listened quietly while Axie told him of Josephine's arrival, and what she had done since, and who had called upon her.

At the last piece of information he winced a little, for he saw the party forming against him and for his much-injured, long-neglected wife. But if he succeeded in excusing himself to Rossie, if he could stand well with her, he cared for little else, he thought, and he said:

"Tell Miss Rossie I am come, and ask if I can see her—now—at once, before I meet anybody else."

"Yes, I'll tell her," Axie said, as she hurried to the room, where, to her great surprise, she found her young mistress in her flannel dressing-gown and shawl, sitting in her easy-chair, with her head resting upon pillows scarcely whiter than her face, save where the red spots of fever burned so brightly.

In spite of Mrs. Markham's remonstrance Rossie had insisted upon getting up and being partly dressed.

"I must see Everard," she said. "You can't understand, and I can't explain, but he will come to me, and I must see him alone, and you must leave us together for a time."

And so she was waiting for him, feeling sure that his first call would be on her, as it was, for he followed close after Axie, and stood outside in the hall, and heard Rossie's voice saying:

"Tell him to come up; I am ready for him; and you two go out and wait until I call you."

They did as she bade them do, and when he saw them both disappear down the hall, Everard advanced, with a sinking heart, and knocked at Rossie's door just as a black-robed figure, with a white wool shawl wrapped around it, started to come up the stairs.

The voice which said "come in" did not sound like Rossie's at all, nor did the little girl sitting in the chair, bundled up in shawls and seeming so weak and sick, look much like the Rossie he had last seen, flushed with health and happiness, and the light of a great and new joy shining in the eyes which now turned so eagerly toward him as he came in. On the stairs outside there was the rustling of skirts, and he heard it, and involuntarily slid the bolt of the door, and then swiftly crossed to the far side of the room, where Rossie's face was upturned to his with a smile of welcome on it, and Rossie's hands were both outstretched to him as she said:

"Oh, Mr. Everard, I am glad you have come; we have wanted you so much."

He had thought she would meet him with coldness and scorn for his weakness and duplicity, and he was prepared for that, but not for this, and forgetting himself utterly for the moment, he took the offered hands and held them tightly in his own, until she released them from him and motioned him to a seat opposite her, where he could look into her face, which, now that he saw it more closely, had on it such a grieved, disappointed expression that he cried out:

"Kill me, Rossie, if you will. I only wish you would, but don't look at me that way, for I cannot bear it. I know what I've done and what I am, better than you do."

Here he paused, and Rossie spoke and said: "I am sorry, Everard, that you did not tell me long ago, when it first happened. Four years and more, she says. I've been thinking it over, and it must have been that time you came home when your mother died and you were so sick afterward. You were married then."

How quietly and naturally she spoke the words "married then," as if it was nothing to her that he was married then or now, but the hot blood flamed up for a moment in her face and then left it whiter than before, as Everard replied:

"Yes, if it can be called a marriage, which was a plan, a trap, a mere farce, which has brought nothing but bitter humiliation to me, and has been the cause of my ruin. I wish that day had been blotted from my existence, or that I had never looked upon the faces of the actors in what you call my marriage."

"Hush, Everard," Rossie said. "You must not talk that way, and your wife here in the house anxiously waiting for you. I have not seen her yet, but they tell me she is very beautiful."

"Yes, with that baleful beauty which lures men, or rather idiots, to their destruction, and I was an idiot!" Everard answered, bitterly. "An idiot, who thought myself in love. Don't call her my wife, Rossie. She has never been that; never will be. But I did not come here to abuse her. I came to tell you the whole truth at last, as I ought to have told it years ago, when my mother was on her death-bed."

"Didn't she know it, Everard? Didn't you tell your mother?" Rossie asked, and for the first time there was something like reproach in her voice.

"No, I tried to tell her, but I could not," Everard replied. "I made a beginning by showing her Josephine's picture, which she did not like. The face was pretty, she said, but not one to be trusted; not the face of a true, refined woman, but rather of one who wore jewellery."

And here Everard laughed sarcastically as he went on:

"Then I showed the picture to Bee, who said she looked as if she might wear cotton-lace, though whether that was a heinous crime or not I didn't know. But you, Rossie, said the hardest thing of all, and decided me finally not to tell, for I had almost made up my mind to make you my confidante."

"I, Everard? I decided you? I said something against your wife? You must be mistaken. When was it, Everard?" Rossie exclaimed, her eyes growing very large and bright in her excitement.

"Do you remember I once showed you a picture of a young girl?" Everard said. "You were watering flowers in the garden, and you said she was very beautiful, but suggested that the jewellery, of which there was a superfluity on her neck and arms, might be a sham, and said she looked like a sham, too. How could I tell you or anybody after that, that she was my wife? I couldn't, and I kept it to myself, and drove with Ben Belknap and got a broken head; and then mother died, and I went crazy, and you cut off your hair and sold it to pay what you believed to be a gambling debt, and you wrote to Joseph Fleming, never dreaming that it was my wife, and I did not open my lips to undeceive you."

"No, I will have my say out," he continued, fiercely, as Rossie put up her hands to stop him. "I deserve a cudgelling, and I'll give it to myself, for no one knows as well as I do just what a sneaking coward I have been all these years, when you have been believing in me, and keeping me from going to the— No, I won't swear; at least before you, who have been my good angel ever since you knew enough to chide me for my faults. Oh, Rossie! what would I give to be put back to those old days when I was comparatively innocent, and you, in your cape, sun-bonnet, and long-sleeved aprons, were the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world, just as you are now."

"I will say it—the sweetest, dearest thing to me, though a hundred wives were listening in the hall, just as one may be. I thought I heard the rattle of her skirts."

And stepping to the door he flung it wide open, but nothing was visible, and if there was a listener to his conversation she was not in sight, and closing the door again, he returned to his place in front of Rossie, who lay back in her chair pale, and gasping as he went on:

"I am killing you, I know, and I am almost wicked enough not to care, for I would rather there were no Rossie in this world than to know she lived to hate and despise me."

"No, Everard, never that—never."

And Rossie again stretched toward him her pale little hands, which he seized and held while he told her rapidly the whole story of his marriage, beginning at the time he first saw Jocey Fleming and went to board with her mother.

Not in the slightest degree did he seek to excuse himself, and his bitterest enemy could not have given him a worse castigation than he did. One item, however, he withheld. He did not tell her that it was her half-brother who had married him, nor did he give the name of the clergymen. He would spare her all pain in that direction, if possible, and let her think as well as she could of the brother she could scarcely remember, and who, she believed, must be dead, or he would surely have manifested some interest in her.

Of Josephine he spoke very plainly, and though he did not exaggerate her faults, he showed conclusively in what he said that his love for her had long since died out, and he went on from one fact to another so rapidly that Rossie felt stunned and bewildered and begged him to stop. But he would not. She must hear him through, he said, and at the close of his story she looked so white and tired that he bent over her in alarm, chafing her cold hands and asking what he could do for her.

"Nothing but to leave me now," she said. "I have heard so much and borne so much that none of it seems real. There's a buzzing in my head, and I believe I'm going to faint again or die. I must wish it was the latter. How could you do all this, and I trusted you so?—and, oh, Everard, where are you? It grows so dark and black, and I'm so sick



and faint," and with a sobbing, hysterical cry, as of one who had endured all she could, Rosalie involuntarily let her tired, aching head fall upon the arm which held it so gladly, and which fain would have kept it there for ever.

Rosalie did not faint quite away, as she had done when the news of Everard's marriage reached her, but she lay quite still and helpless in Everard's arms until she felt hot kisses upon her forehead, and that roused her at once.

He had no right to kiss her now, she had no right to suffer it, and she drew herself away from him back to the safe shelter of her pillows, as she said, with her old childish manner:

"No, Everard, you must not kiss me like that. It is too late. Such things are over between us now."

She seemed to accept the fact that she loved her, and though the love was hopeless, and, turn which way she would, there was no brightness in the future, the knowledge of what might have been was in one sense very sweet to her, and the face which Everard took between his hands and looked earnestly into, while his lips quivered, and his eyes were full of tears, seemed to him like the face of an angel.

"Heaven pity me, Rosalie," he said. "Heaven pity us both for this which lies between us, and which I would remove if I could. It cannot be wrong for me to tell you—"

He did not say what, for a knock and a voice outside the door which Rosalie had never heard before, but which he knew too well, though pitched now in a key a little different from any he had heard before.

"Miss Hastings," it said, as there was no response to the knock. "Miss Hastings, if my husband is with you, tell him his wife will be glad to see him when he can tear himself away. I have waited an hour, and surely I may claim my own now."

There was an unmistakable coarseness of meaning in the words which brought the hot blood to Rosalie's cheek, but Everard was pale as death, as with a muttered exclamation he stepped back from Rosalie, who said:

"Yes, go, Everard. She is right. She is your wife. Her claim is first. Say I am sorry I kept you. Go, and when I have thought it all out, I'll send for you, but don't come till I do, and don't let her in. I couldn't bear it now."

She motioned him to leave her, and with the look of one going to the rack, he obeyed, and unbolting the door, went out, shutting it quickly behind him, and thus giving the woman outside no chance for more than a passing glance at the white-faced little girl, of whose personal appearance no impression could be formed.

## CHAPTER XL.

It had been Josephine's intention to try and make peace with her husband, if possible, or, as she expressed it to herself, "make love to him again," in the hope of winning him back to at least an outward semblance of harmony. And to do this she relied much on her beauty, which she knew had not diminished in the least since those summer days in Holburton, when he had likened her to every beautiful thing in the universe.

She knew she was more attractive now than then, for she had studied to acquire an air of refinement and high breeding which greatly enhanced her charms, and when she saw herself in the long mirror, with her toilet complete, and the made-up expression of sweetness and graciousness on her face she felt almost sure he could not withstand her. Roxie Fleming's daughter was in her own estimation as much a lady now as Mary Bigelow had been, and as she passed the picture of Mrs. Forrest she made a courtesy to it, and asked:

"What do you think of your daughter-in-law, madame?"

This was after she had heard from Lois that Everard was in the house, and she stood waiting for him. But as the moments went by and he did not come, the sweetness left her face, and there was a glitter in her blue eyes as she walked impatiently up and down her chamber, listening for his footsteps.

At last, as she grew more and more impatient, she went down to the dining-room, thinking to find him there; but he was still with Axie in the kitchen, and so she waited until she heard his step as he went rapidly up the stairs.

Swiftly and noiselessly she glided into the hall and followed, but was only in time to see the shutting of the door of Rosalie's room and hear the sliding of the bolt, while her quick ear caught the sound of Rosalie's voice as she welcomed Everard.

For a moment Josephine stood shaking with rage,

and feeling an inclination to kick at the closed door and demand an entrance.

But she hardly dared do that, and so she stood motionless and still, and strained her ear to catch the conversation carried on so rapidly, but in so low a tone and so far from her that she could not hear it all or even half.

But she knew Everard was telling the story of the marriage, and as he grew more earnest his voice naturally rose higher until she could hear what he said, but not Rosalie's replies.

Involuntarily clenching her fists, and biting her lips until the blood came through in one place, she listened still more intently and knew there was no hope for her, and felt sure that the only feeling she could now inspire in her husband's heart was one of hatred and disgust.

His love, if she could so call the passion of a boy, had been withdrawn from her and given to another. She was as sure of that as if she had seen the kisses he pressed on Rosalie's forehead, and the light which shone in Rosalie's eyes as she repelled what she knew was wrong for her to receive.

At last when she could endure suspense no longer, and when all thoughts of a peace policy was gone, and there was only war in her heart, she knocked upon the door, and claimed "her own" and got it, for her husband, whom she had not seen for more than two years, stood face to face with her, a tall, well-developed man, with a will and a purpose in his brown eyes, and a firm-set expression about his mouth, which made him a very different person from the boy-lover whom she had awayed at her pleasure.

Everard was a thorough gentleman, and it was not in his nature to be otherwise than courteous to any woman, and he bowed to Josephine with as much politeness and deference as if it had been Bee Belknap standing there so dignified and self-possessed, and with an air of assurance and worldly wisdom such as he had never seen in Josephine Fleming.

For a moment he looked at her in surprise, but there was no sign of welcome in his face, no flash of admiration for the visible improvement in her. He had an artist's eye, and noticed that her dress was black, and that it became her admirably, and that the delicate white shawl was so knotted and arranged as to heighten the effect of the picture, but he knew the woman so well that nothing she could do or wear could move him now. When she saw that she must speak first she laughed a little, spiteful laugh, and said:

"Have you nothing to say to me after two years' separation, or have you exhausted yourself with her?" nodding towards Rosalie's door.

That roused him, and he answered her:

"Yes, much to say, and some things to explain and apologise for, but not here. I will go with you to your room. They tell me you are occupying my old quarters."

He tried to speak naturally, and Josephine's heart beat faster as she thought that possibly he might be won to an outward seeming of friendship after all, and it would be better for her every way. So, when the privacy of her chamber was reached, and there was no danger of interruption, she affected the loving wife, and laying her hands on Everard's arm said, coaxingly and prettily:

"Don't be so cold and hard, Everard, as if you were sorry I came. I had nowhere else to go, and I'm no more to blame for being your wife than you are for being my husband, and I certainly have just cause to complain of you for having kept me so long in ignorance of your father's death. Why did you do it? But I need not ask why," she continued, as she saw the frown on his face, and guessed he was not to be coaxed; "the reason is in the apartment you have just quitted, but if you or she think it is a nice thing—this love-making—"

Josephine got no further, for Everard interrupted her and sternly bade her stop.

"So long as you censure me for having kept my father's death a secret from you I am bound to listen, for I deserve it, but when you assail Rosamond Hastings, and couple her name with mine significantly, you have gone too far. I do not wish to quarrel with you, Josey, but we may as well understand each other first as last. You had a right to come here, thinking it was still my home, and I am justly punished for my deceit, for which no one can hate me as I hate myself. If I had been candid and frank from the first it would have saved me a great deal of trouble and self-abasement. You heard of my father's death?"

"Yes," she interrupted him sharply. "But no thanks are due to you for the information. Mr. Keerts, a friend of yours whom I met in Dresden, told me of it. At first I did not believe him, for I had credited you with being a man of honour, but he convinced me of the fact, and in my anger I started home, at once, and came here to find that girl the

mistress of the house, and they tell me your father's heir. Is that true? Have you nothing of all the Forrest possessions but what you work for?"

She was showing her true nature, her real motive for seeking her husband, and he saw it, but was not moved by it now. On the contrary he was rather pleased than otherwise, for as a poor man she would not follow him as persistently as if he had been master of the place.

"I've nothing but what I earn," he said, "but I think I have proved conclusively that I can support you, whatever may come to me, and I expect to do so still, but it must be apart from myself. I wish that distinctly understood, as it will save further discussion. You could not be happy with me; I should be miserable with you after knowing what I do of you and seeing what I have seen."

Here she turned fiercely upon him, and with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils demanded what he meant.

"I will tell you when I reach it," he replied. "But first let me go over the ground from the beginning—"

"No need of that," she replied, angrily. "You went over the ground with her—that girl whom I hate with deadly hatred. I heard you. I was outside the door."

"Listening!" Everard said, contemptuously. "A worthy employment, to which no lady would stoop."

"Who said I was a lady?" she retorted, stung by his manner and the tone of his voice, and forgetting herself entirely in her wrath. "Don't you suppose I know that it was because I was not a lady according to your creed and that of your big ones, that your father objected to me and that you have sickened of me. A poor, unknown butcher's daughter is not a fit match for you; and I was just that, and you shrank from having the world know how low down you went, but if you drive me too far they shall know just who I was. I have met some of your friends since I came here. I have made a favourable impression upon their minds. They think me an injured woman, as I meant they should. They think me your equal in every respect—think your mother and mine were friends and acquaintances; and so they were, as I will prove to you."

"You thought you married the daughter of Roxie Fleming, who kept a boarding-house, and so you did, and something more. You married the daughter of the man who used to deliver meat at your grandfather's door, and of the woman who for years cooked in your mother's family. I have known this always, and kept it as something to thrust in your face if you tried me too far. I know how proud you are of family blood and birth, and I can boast of blood too, but it is the blood of beasts in which my father dealt, not the blue-veined kind which shows itself in hypocrisy and the deliberate deception of years."

"I told your father, when I met him at a moment, that my mother was present at his wedding, and she was. She made the jellies and ices, and stood with the other servants to see the ceremony. Wouldn't your lady mother turn over in her coffin if she could know just whom her boy married? Ah, ha! I see I have moved you at last, as I knew I should, by giving you my pedigree, root and branch. You look pale, my lord," and she laughed a low, chuckling laugh, which exasperated Everard more than her words had done.

Was she a woman, or a demon, thus to gloat over him, and think to intimidate him by threatening to divulge her real rank in life? If so, she signally failed, and he hastened to tell her so.

"If I look pale," he said, "it is not from any fear of what you may do or say. It is rather from the disgust with which you inspire me by your coarse heartlessness in speaking of my mother. If possible, I would rather not bring her into the conversation, but since you will have it so, I must tell you that she did know who you were, and this fact, with which you think to wound me, was known to me years ago."

"How! did you tell your mother of the marriage, and have you kept that from me, too?" Josephine asked.

And he replied:

"I did not tell her of the marriage, although I tried to, and made a beginning by showing her your picture, and telling her your name and that of your mother, whom she at once identified as the Roxie who had lived in her father's family so long."

"And of course my fine lady objected to such stock," Josephine said, with a sneer and a look of hatred at the picture on the wall, whose soft eyes seemed to gaze so rebukingly upon her.

(To be continued.)

EACH man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.



[THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.]

W. H. SMITH, ESQ., M.P.

It will, we think, be found interesting as well as especially pertinent to our subject, if we connect some notice of W. H. Smith, Esq., our new and popular First Lord of the Admiralty, with a brief account of that department of service and of the origin of English naval affairs generally.

Alfred the Great was the founder of the English navy. He first perceived the necessity of a fleet to protect the coast from the swarms of pirates in the northern seas. A slight advantage gained by some ships of his over the Danes, in 876, induced him to build long ships and galleys, which, as his countrymen were not competent to manage them, he manned with such piratical followers as he could engage. After he had driven out the Danes he applied his talents to improve his ships, and built vessels higher, longer, and swifter than before, some rowing thirty pairs of oars, others more. Ethelred made a law that whoever was lord of 310 hydes of land should furnish one vessel for the service of the country. William the Conqueror established the Cinque Ports, and gave them certain privileges on condition of their furnishing fifty-two ships for fifteen days, in case of emergency. King John claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas, and declared that all ships belonging to foreign nations, which should refuse to strike the British flag, should be deemed fair and lawful prize.

In 1293 a naval action with the French was fought in the middle of the Channel, and the victorious English carried off above 250 sail. In 1340 when Edward the Third with 240 ships was on his voyage to Flanders, he fell in with and completely defeated, off Sluys, the French fleet of 400 sail manned with 40,000 men. The same monarch block-

aded Brest with 730 sail, containing 15,000 men. Many of the ships composing these fleets were Genoese and Venetian mercenaries, but they must have been very small, and the numbers of ships and men are probably exaggerated. Henry the Seventh seems to have been the first king who thought of providing a naval force which might be at all times ready for the service of the state. He built "The Great Harry," properly speaking the first ship of the royal navy; she cost £15,000, and was accidentally burned in 1553. Henry the Eighth perfected the designs of his father. He constituted the Admiralty and Navy Office, established the Trinity House, and the Dockyards of Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth; appointed regular salaries for the admirals, captains and sailors; and made the sea service a distinct profession.

The ships of this period were high, unwieldy, and narrow; their guns were close to the water, and they had lofty poops and prows, like Chinese junks, inasmuch that Sir Walter Raleigh informs us that the "Mary Rose," a goodly ship of the largest size, by a little sway of the ship in casting about, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water, was over-set and sunk. This took place at Spithead in the presence of the king, and most of her officers and crew were drowned.

The King's Admiral of the Sea is first mentioned in 1297, when, strictly, there was no fleet; the custom being for the king when he engaged in a naval expedition to press into his service the merchant vessels from all parts of the kingdom. The admiral, however, was not necessarily the actual commander of the fleet; he was rather the great officer of state who presided generally over maritime affairs. Sometimes he was not a professional man at all, sometimes a king's son or eminent man upon whom the position was bestowed as being one of dignity and emolument—the duties were often performed by persons acting in his name. Those duties were commonly not to

command ships in battle, but to superintend and direct the naval strength of the kingdom, and to administer justice in all cases arising on the seas. The former of these duties now belongs to the Admiralty, the latter to the legal tribunal called the High Court of Admiralty. From the time of Henry IV. in 1405 till November 1632 there was an uninterrupted series of Lord High Admirals; at the latter date the office was for the first time put in commission, all the great Officers of State acting as Commissioners.

During the Commonwealth the Navy was managed by a Committee of Parliament till Cromwell took the direction into his own hands. On the Restoration the Duke of York became Lord High Admiral, but at length the king took the post himself. James the Second was his own High Admiral. On the Revolution it was again in commission till 1707, when Prince George of Denmark was appointed, with a council of four persons to assist him. On his death in 1708 the Earl of Pembroke was appointed, with a similar council. The earl resigned in 1709, since which time the post has always been in commission, with the single exception of a short period of some sixteen months (April 1827 to September 1828), during which it was held by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth.

The government of the Navy is now carried on by a Board known as the Board of Admiralty, and the members of which are styled Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral. The Board consists of five members—namely, the First Lord, who is always a member of the Cabinet, and four Assistant Commissioners, styled, severally, Senior Naval Lord, Third Lord, Junior Naval Lord, and Civil Lord. Under the Board is a Financial Secretary, changing, like the five Lords, with the government in power, while the fixed Administration, independent of the state of political parties, consists of two permanent secretaries, and a number of the Heads of Departments, the Controller of the Navy, the Accountant General, the Director General of the Medical Department, the Director of Engineering and Architectural Works, Director of Transports, and the Superintendents of Contracts, Victualling, and Stores. The First Lord has supreme authority; all questions of importance are left to his decision. The Senior Naval Lord directs the movements of the fleet, and is responsible for its discipline. The Third Lord has the management of the dockyards, and superintends the building of the ships. The Junior Naval Lord deals with the victualling of the fleet, and with the transport department. The Civil Lord is answerable for the accounts, and the Financial Secretary for all purchases of stores.

Till the reign of Queen Anne the salary of the Head of the Admiralty was only three hundred marks, and the emoluments of the place arose chiefly from perquisites, or droits as they were called, of various descriptions. Prince George of Denmark resigned all these droits into the hands of the Crown, receiving in their stead a salary of £7,000 a year. The present salary of the First Lord is £4,500. His official residence is—The Admiralty, Whitehall. The following men have held the office since the Earl of Derby's administration (with which we begin) in 1852: Duke of Northumberland, Sir James Graham, Sir Charles Wood, Sir J. Pakington, Duke of Somerset and H. T. L. Corry, Esq.; Sir J. Pakington, H. T. S. Corry, Esq., W. Childers, Esq., and J. G. Goschen, Esq., and in 1874, G. Ward Hunt, whose lamented death has recently occurred, and to whom the member for Westminster is appointed successor.

Mr. Smith, who in London is one of the best known and best respected of our public men, and with excellent reason, is thus described in Debreit. He is the son of the late W. H. Smith, the well-known newsagent and railway-stall bookseller. He was born June 24, 1825; was educated at the Grammar School, Tavistock; married, in 1858, Emily, eldest daughter of the late Frederick Danvers, Esq., of the Duchy of Lancaster. He is a Justice of the Peace for Hertfordshire, a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, and head of the eminent firm of W. H. Smith and Son, 186, Strand, newsagents, booksellers, and advertisement contractors. He was a member of the London School Board 1870-4; was appointed in February 1874 Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He has sat for Westminster since November 1868, having in July 1865 been an unsuccessful candidate. His club is the Carlton. His country residence is Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames.

The firm of Smith and Co., Dublin and London, held some forty years ago the highest place in that department of English trade and literature; and it is the business ability of that house which has created railway literature. Created we say. Those who are competent to judge are aware that a trader can create a market, and that the public will follow his lead. Messrs. Smith asked permission to sell at



railway stations, and a room was provided them. By-and-bye they paid rent; by-and-bye they made contracts; by-and-bye they had rivals. But they persisted, and the railway literature is now completely in their hands; not to mention their other departments and spheres of operation. An informant has recorded to us his vivid recollection of "the kind face of the member for Westminster behind the Strand counter," and his sense of the easy, honourable dignity of the commercial man, who has found his apt scope in ruling one of the largest and most important firms in Great Britain—in worthily conducting public affairs, and who now is elevated to a place in the Cabinet.

There are only nine posts in England which must be Cabinet offices, those to wit, held by the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, the five Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the First Lord of the Admiralty; but those nine are included in the governing committee in the nature of things as well as by constant practice. This, no doubt, is immense promotion for Mr. Smith; but it is likely to benefit the Government. Members of the Conservative party, particularly those resident in boroughs, have often felt that the composition of the Government was too intensely bucolic—in other words was formed unduly of the section of the country gentry. The great middle and commercial class is in this instance at the top; this will tend to render the Administration less exclusive, more national, and therefore stronger.

We who write these lines, while for ourselves believing in Constitutional Government, and in particular in the main principles of our noble British and historic Constitution, would certainly rejoice to see means devised whereby men specially conversant with the working-classes, or even actually belonging to it, might share in the responsibilities and honours of Administration. This is nationalism (which ought to be the first consideration), is genuine Liberalism, and would be found in its result the truest Conservatism.

Mr. Smith certainly is an instance of an Englishman's worthily rising in the State. Englishmen, it has been well remarked on this very appointment to the Admiralty, like to see their boast realised that any man can in this country rise to anything if only he has means and character and ability for politics. Their boast, according to the critic in question, is not quite real, for the aspirant requires also a certain measure of luck; but they like to think it so, and are delighted whenever they can quote a case in evidence of their belief. The truth is, money is too often the sole qualification, the one thing needful, but it too requires, or usually can purchase, opportunity. All room ought to be afforded, in a free state, for character and capacity; historically the possession of wealth has taken the place of the mediæval patron, and it may be almost plausibly doubted if—in comparison with our progress in other directions—we have not stood still or deteriorated in affording scope and outlet and encouragement for unaided or self-aided ability. And this parenthesis may amply food for meditation. At any rate the high future of Mr. Smith is what we should all rejoice in.

If, according to the wise old saw, actions speak louder than words, we may test Mr. Smith's professions by his actions, and the result of the scrutiny will be eminently satisfactory. As a representative in Parliament Mr. Smith succeeded that distinguished thinker, Mr. John Stuart Mill—an eminent logician, a just and high-minded man, but a decided failure as a practical politician. It is one thing to spin schemes and constitutions, according to accurate reasoning, out of one's brain; it is another to develop, to enlarge and improve the scheme which is the slow, historic growth of centuries, which for centuries has been known, and proved, and prized. The latter is, ordinarily, the wise and safe method in politics. In the former sort of thing Mr. Mill excelled; in the latter, his failure, by general admission with signal. He seemed to be the member for crotchets in general. At the same time his writings, notably his treatise on "Liberty," contain many high thoughts, much of lofty, original speculation, expressed in a style of remarkable lucidity and beauty.

Mill was a philosopher, not a mobman nor a mere factious politician, nor a demagogue; and just now, for example, the Birmingham Federal Union of Liberal Associations might profitably ponder the indignant rejection by this careful thinker—esteemed certainly a Liberal—of the doctrine of the coercion of the minority and the ignoble way of mere numbers. Mr. Smith has formed his own opinions on politics, and acts generally with the great historic party, but not merely or chiefly as a partisan, and thus aims to be, approximately, independent; he would preserve and pursue the lines of the Constitution, so far he is Tory and Conservative; he would also adapt the Con-

stitution to the changing requirements of the times, and here he is truly Liberal, not Republican, or anarchic, a deplorable prostitution of the term; and he professes himself "an Independent Liberal Conservative," which we take to be as sensible, practical, and perfectly English a confession of political faith as any man in the country could by possibility avow.

T. H. G.

#### PIPES AND TOBACCO IN TURKEY.

In Roumelia, in the very home of the great Macedonian, Alexander, grows the king of tobacco, and especially in a small place called Jendische Bardar, situated to the south-east of Salonica (Thessalonica). This small brownish-yellow plant is allowed to dry for weeks, yea, often for months, after it has been gathered; then it is packed in small bales (bogtache), and not till it has remained for years in the storehouses of the tobacco merchant is it honoured by the Stamboul nicotian epicures with the name of "asa gobek." The tobacco, cut as small as the finest silk, is thereupon in hot request in the imperial palace, in the sovereign harem, and likewise in the Sublime Porte, where the Ministerial Council, in the midst of ascending aromatic clouds of smoke, discusses State affairs. The pipes, stalk as well as mouthpiece, which are used for the enjoyment of this best of all tobaccos, are with great care both chosen and kept. The clay head must bear the mark of Hassan, a noted maker at Findikli, a suburb of Constantinople. The long jessamine stalk, with its silken-velvety bark, must come from the Broussa plantations. The mouthpiece, of bright transparent amber, is carved after the most approved fashion; its "zivans" (the thin shank on which it is fixed) has come from the hands of some most accomplished turner. Such perfect smoking requisites and this best of all tobacco are deemed worthy of each other; and when pipe and tobacco are both of the first quality, the pipe-attendant (tschibuktschi) must be immensely delf in the performance of his duties.

Often have I, alike with amusement and astonishment, observed the proceedings of the tschibuktschi, and especially the prodigious care he displays in placing symmetrically together the various parts of the pipe. The clay head, filled some days before, and enriched with a fringe-like ornament, is deposited in a tin box. Frequently I heard it asserted that the tobacco depended on the form and the size of the piece of live charcoal placed on it, and the tschibuktschi, when kindling the pipe, rakes with his tongue in the coal-pan till he has found a flat, round piece. Though the Turk finds it all quite natural, yet it is a comical spectacle to follow the attendant in the discharge of his various duties.

Holding the long pipe in his right hand, and the round brass dish in his left, the attendant moves with serious face and with measured step toward his master. At a distance from his master, which is exactly equal to the length of the pipe-stalk, he kneels. He puts down the brass dish, then he places the pipe on the dish; then, describing a half-circle with the stalk, he inserts the mouthpiece with the utmost accuracy between the open lips of his master. While the master is taking hold of the stalk the attendant rises from the floor, and he has scarcely retreated a step when a cloud of smoke, sent forth by a deep breath, envelopes him and everything around. The first draw is deemed insignificant; the second and third are reckoned the best; the fourth is regarded as bad; the fifth is thoroughly despised by the nicotian epicure.

As everyone uses his own pipe we must not be astonished that this instrument has become an indispensable vade mecum for every man of rank. In effect, the pipe is for ever found in close proximity to the Turk. To wait upon his pipe the man of rank keeps two, and sometimes even three, servants. One servant has to look after the home arrangements; another accompanies his master when he goes riding or walking. The long stem is carried in a beautifully-ornamented cloth bag; the head of the pipe, the tobacco, and the other accessories are contained in a pouch which hangs by the servant's side. A foreigner in Constantinople often contemplates with curiosity a proud Ottoman proceeding on foot or on horseback, followed by a servant with this long, well-packed instrument, who, from the air he gives himself, looks like an armour-bearer of some gallant blade on the way to a first fight. How times change! What the armour-bearer was to the old warlike races, the tschibuktschi is now to the effeminate descendants.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a Turk smoke from sixty to eighty pipes daily. The pipe is the indispensable companion of the Turk in every occu-

pation, how earnest and important soever it may be, in the Supreme Porte, in the Ministerial Council, where the Turkish grandees debate regarding the welfare of their fatherland, which extends over three-quarters of the globe, the question was once discussed, whether, during the consideration of State affairs, the tschibuktschi (pipe-bearer) should not be excluded.

Great was the difference of opinions; long was the contest between the yearning of the palate and the sense of propriety; till at last was victorious the sentiment of some corpulent members, who thought that it would be wrong to reject ignominiously the old custom, and that the blameless tschibuktschi must be permitted, as before, to enter the chamber and give the needful attention to the pipes. And yet all the members knew very well that this resolution was pregnant with mischief and danger, for the cunning servants, while busy with the pipes, snatch up with quick ear many a secret of State, and before even the Sultan and the official world have any knowledge of the decisions of the Supreme Council, many weighty debates and decrees have already (through the pipe bearers) been divulged. Consequently, the tschibuktschi is, next to the servant of the harem, the most valuable reporter whom journalists and ambassadorial dragomans can find.

How often have I seen a proud Levantine, who, in his contempt for the rest of the world, seemed as if he would strike the stars with his nose, cringing and crawling in the most abject fashion before a tschibuktschi, in order to entice him to communicate some important secret, or to furnish a glance into some valuable document. That this playing the part of the go-between is to the pipe-bearer a lucrative affair needs not be said. What alone, what exclusively, makes the tschibuktschi the alter ego of his master is the boundless love of smoking which distinguishes the Turks.

Tobacco and pipes are thus not merely the distinctive tokens of the different ranks, but of the gradations of particular ranks. A Muschir (marshal) would think it altogether unsuitable to smoke with a pipe shorter than two elia, while the handicraftsman, or the official of a lower order, would be deemed presumptuous if his pipe-stem transcended the measure of that habitual with his own class. The grandee, in contact or contrast with the man of low degree, can parade his pipe to its full length; but the man of low degree, modestly thrusting aside or concealing the instrument, must not show more of it than the mouthpiece which he holds in his hand. The pasha can, like the chimney of a steamer, throw forth clouds of smoke, but the subordinate must only allow small circles of smoke, light as zephyrs, to flow from his lip, and he must so in his humility contrive it that the smoke does not go in front of him, but turns backwards.

In the presence of a grandee, not to smoke is regarded as a testimony of respect. This sign of respect a son is likewise expected to show towards a father; and a well-trained and well-mannered son is he regarded who, spite of the repeated request of his father, refuses to smoke.

#### HOME.

Too few young men appreciate the value of a home with their parents. As soon as capable of supporting themselves, they become restless for change; perhaps the restraint to which a considerate father has subjected them becomes galling; their purring minds long for the freedom and excesses of which they have heard others, who have enjoyed them, tell. They do not think of the hundred privileges they must sacrifice when they leave home—a mother's fond solicitude in health, and care in sickness, a sister's good influences, a father's help, the cordiality of old friends, and the numberless other inestimable blessings.

Ah, how many wish for those when reverting to the past and seeing how readily they relinquished them. There are thousands of sad hearts, in the solitude of one room, which sigh for the house, humble though it may have been, through whose rooms they used to go at will, and which they left amid strong opposition—the house in the country, where the vines clustered around the doors, and the maples spread their graceful shades. They have mingled with the festive throng since, and have forgotten, for the hour, the counsels received in youth, and departed from the path of rectitude; but the echo of a voice now hushed for ever anon comes back, and its loving tone causes them to hesitate, and once more make sound resolution.

Owing to your parents so long as you are not compelled to leave them; minister to their wants; com-

fort them as far as you are able, and you will never have to reproach yourself for neglect of filial duty. Secede and trust to your own resources only when compelled to go, and then for ever hold in sacred remembrance the admonitions of home. There may be circumstances in your family history not altogether agreeable—there is no place on earth entirely free from annoyances—but,

"Tis better far to endure the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

### "CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window. "Why not?" "Because you can't rub it out." Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out. You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out. All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts, are written on the book of memory. Be careful, the record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

### CONVERSATION AT HOME.

No man should allow the cares of life to rob him of mirth and elasticity. Business life should be like an elastic sponge, to receive all the experiences of daily life—the little stories of the street, the nudges of fun that you poke into people's ribs—all these things, gentlemen, you should take home with you. The day's work should be as fuel to the evening's entertainment. Your temper ought to be a fire which cheers, like the open fires which give light, warmth, and ventilation.

It is as bad to have a close social atmosphere in the house as a room full of noxious gas, for, when the explosion comes, it is enough to teach your children to take the roof off. Can you not teach your children to talk by furnishing them with happy themes? Children are very quick-witted. You can't make every boy an orator, but we don't think there is a boy who cannot be made a very agreeable and ready talker if furnished with agreeable themes.

### FACETIÆ.

THE following is "rather" a glowing description which a gentleman gives of his visit to a flower show, and he thus condenses its varied attractions: "Beautiful weather—matchless scenery—lovely female angels—exquisite dresses—delightful music—heavenly flowers (where else did they come from?) and darling little Raffaele cherubs."

A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with one quill.

"REALLY," said Mrs. Plainheart's nineteenth cousin after a six weeks' visitation. "I fear if I stay much longer you will be made twice glad when I go." Have no fear on that score," was the reply; "I assure you I haven't yet been once glad."

### HIGHLAND COURTSHIP.

HE went to the house of the lady, knocked at the door, and she made her appearance. After a mutual nod, the following laconic dialogue ensued:

"Do you want to change your condition?"

"No."

"Nor I," and turning about said, "Thank Heaven, I've got that load off my mind!"

WHEN Macready was playing Macbeth in the provinces, the actor cast for the part of the Messenger in the last act was absent. So the stage manager sent for a supernumerary on to speak the lines set down for the Messenger, viz.: "As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked towards Birnam, and anon me thought the wood began to move." Macbeth: "Liar and slave!" Super: "Poa my soul, Mr. Macready, they told me to say it."

WHEN a Brooklyn boy sees a young lady who has improved upon nature by the appliances of art, and whose face is a picture fresh from the hand of the painter, he nudges his companion and shrewdly exclaims, "Jim, she's only a chrome."

A LARGE, ferocious dog, finding his way into a shop filled with customers, created great alarm, when a

raw-looking shopman remarked that if they would give him what he wanted it was most likely the dog would leave. What could a dog want in a draper's shop? Why, he wanted muzzlin', of course.

SOME one attending a fashionable marriage stated that he beheld, when the bridegroom knelt down, fifteen shillings and sixpence marked in plain figures on the soles. It was a very gorgeous wedding.

P. T. BARNUM says: "I am forty-six, and my wife is the same. That is, I am sixty-six and she is twenty-six; but as she says I am the younger of the two we have agreed to average it and call it forty-six apiece."

SOME of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. Recently when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" he leisurely remarked, "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock stitch; a box of pills and a pair of calf-skin boots."

### TOO SOON.

"Hi! Where did yez get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on.

"I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply.

"Then, by my conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

A THREE year old little girl, at Rochester, was taught to conclude the evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with:

"Please watch over my papa."

It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when she added:

"And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too!"

"I DON'T see how you can have been working all day like a horse!" exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day anyhow."

### THEN—AND—NOW.

IT was bright and sunny weather,

Once upon a time,

When we two did walk together,

Once upon a time!

I was young, and she was pretty,

No thought of care came us between;

I was hopeful, she was willing—

Care and trouble unforeseen.

Truly 'twas delightful weather,

When, hand in hand, we roamed together,

Once upon a time!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, confound it! we are married

I fear we both wish we had tarried,

Once upon a time! —Judy.

MOODY says he doesn't approve of pretty girls at fairs allowing themselves to be kissed for twenty-five cents. That's right. It's far better to go home with the pretty girls after the fair is over and kiss them at the door for nothing.

A NEW rank in the navy, "torpedo Lieutenant," is to be created. Eat Lieutenants are wanted.

### MAD HIM THERE!

MUDDEBROWN (who is making a rough pencil sketch): "Now then, Chawbason, what are you thinking about? Out of the way, there!"

RUSTIC: "Thinking about? Well, I might be a-thinking as how my be-a-con and your calf's head 'udn't make a very bad dish—'ud they. —Fun.

### NO GO.

(Scene—Royal Academy, Gallery No. II.)

ARTFUL ONE (noticing proximity of refreshment room): "Oh, George, dear, I—I feel so faint."

MORE ARTFUL ONE (who has been "served that way before"): "Faint, eh? It's this deuced unpleasant smell of cookery; let's get on a bit!" (Exit.) —Fun.

GUM-THREE.—It is very difficult to dislodge a 'possum—almost a non possum-us. —Funny Folks.

COAL-TAR is not a fit name to apply to a man on board a collier. —Funny Folks.

### A BEAR STORY.

THE following "bear story" is worth quoting:

A young English farmer, in the township of Compton, province of Quebec, noted a little for his convivial habits and his great personal strength, was returning from the village to his farm, in that state commonly

known among sailors as "three sheets in the wind." On his way home he met a bear, with whom he alleged himself to have had the following rencontre:

"About a mile from here last night, gentlemen, I met a big, slouching-looking fellow in a buffalo coat, who refused to let me pass him, so of course I took off my coat and closed with him at once. I never wrestled with such a rum customer before. He did not use his legs at all, but seemed as if he wanted to hug me with his arms. At last, however, I tripped him up, and down he went in the snow. But gentlemen, you take my advice—unless you are good wrestlers, as I pride myself on being—when you meet a big man in a fur coat who wants to try a jab with you, let him go by."

A CORRESPONDENT of "Vanity Fair" writes: "Lady— intends to give a series of strawberry-and-cream garden-parties in the country the week after next. I send you a copy of her letter to her factotum: 'Tell the gardener to begin growing strawberries immediately, and mind and don't have the cows milked till we come down.'"

### THE HARE AND THE WOLF.

A HARE, pursued by a dog, sought sanctuary in the den of a wolf. It being after business hours, the latter was at home to him.

"Ah!" panted the hare: "how very fortunate! I feel quite safe here, for you dislike dogs quite as much as I do."

"Your security, my small friend," replied the wolf, "depends not upon those points in which you and I agree, but upon those in which I and the dog differ."

"Then you mean to eat me?" inquired the timorous puss.

"No-o-o," drawled the wolf, reflectively, "I should not like to promise that. I mean to eat a part of you. There may be a tuft of hair and a toe-nail or two left for you to go on with. I am hungry, but I am not hoggish."

"The distinction is too fine for me," said the hare, scratching her head.

"That, my friend, is because you have not made a practice of hare-splitting. I have."

### HIS REST.

A MINISTER going to see one of his sick parishioners asked him how he rested during the night.

"Oh, wondrously ill, sir," he replied, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights."

"What is the reason of that?" said the other.

"Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was bewtixt them."

### ANTI-VIVISECTION.

OLD LADY (sympathetically): "Wot's the poor hold gent been a-doin' on, plecceman?"

Z. 2004 (sternly): "Doin' on! wy, himpalin' of that there jelly fish with this here stick!"

OLD LADY (tearfully): "He; the 'ardened hold wretch!" —Fun.

### AN AQUATIC (£5) NOTE.

THE Lord Mayor, having observed a boatman save two lives at Hammersmith, has sent him a five-<sup>£</sup> note. All the main honour to him, says our Scotchman; while our Bond-street elegant retained on the establishment for the cut of his clothes, adds, "Quite White of him—haw." —Fun.

"GRIST TO THE MILL."—Subscriptions to a prize-fighter's stake-money.

### PEDESTRIANISM.

A GREAT High Church walking match is in progress. The competitors are trying which can go quickest, and the ground selected is the Roman Road. —Fun.

### A HOME THRUST.

DOCTOR: "Now tell me, Colonel, how do you feel when you've killed a man?"

COLONEL: "Oh, very well, thank you, doctor, how do you?" —Fun.

### A STRATEGICAL POSER.

GENERAL: "You are right, madame. In these days it is desirable even for ladies to know something of strategical movements, and I am sure I shall be most happy to enlighten you on any point."

LADY: "Tell me, then, General, when a battle becomes imminent, which begins—friend or foe? (General collapses). —Funny Folks.

A GOOD little boy wishes to know if when men tell very wicked stories they ever hurt their fibula. —Fun.

### THE WEAK SPOT.

A MAN in Scotland was committed for trial the other day for having broken his wife's neck.



"I never thought it could have been so brittle," said he to his legal adviser, "seeing that her heart was as hard as adamant and her tongue like a ten ton power drill."  
—Fun.

A LOANLY LOOK-OUT.—That of Russia last week in the City.  
—Fun.

NO DOUBT.

If a Christian woman could change her sex would it change her religion?—Certainly, for she'd be a he-then.  
—Funny Folks.

NOT PAUSEABLE.—Perpetual Motion.

—Funny Folks.

THE "HERO" OF ROMANCE.—Leader's young woman.  
—Funny Folks.

A CARRIAGE INDIVIDUAL.—The "old woman who lived in a chon."  
—Funny Folks.

TRAPPINGS OF "WHOA."—Curb chains.

—Funny Folks.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—Great A. Funny Folks.

AN ANGLER'S "BAIT NOIR."—Black Beetles.

—Funny Folks.

THE PARADISE OF POULTRY.—Roostchuk.

—Funny Folks.

MARRIAGE A LA (DUN) MOWED.

As the Dunmow sitch has this year been awarded to a Mr. and Mrs. Barrack for twenty eight years' conjugal happiness, it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more cavilling by military reformers about the disadvantages of "Barrack life."  
—Funny Folks.

I PRESUME that the "Passes of the Balkans, which are so frequently mentioned, admit people free to the 'Theatre of War.'"  
—Funny Folks.

SOME IMPROVEMENT.

An old toper whom nothing on earth could part from his glass, yesterday met a red-ribbon man of his acquaintance on the walk, and said:  
"Now, Tom, you don't drink any more?"

"No, sir."

"All your money is used up in the family, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Tom, be honest now, and tell me if you feel any improvement—tell me if you don't feel sneakyish."

"I think I have improved," slowly replied the reformer. "A month ago I could take all such slang and not say a word. Now I feel so much like knocking you down that I know I've improved fifty per cent."

The toper didn't care about further argument.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FACETIOUS DENTIST: "No, no! You need not open your mouth so wide, sir. I stand outside."  
—Funny Folks.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

OUR FAMILY CHORIS (practising Byrd's Madrigal): "Sweet little ba... by—"

GEORGE (our Conductor): "Keep your time! One—two— Mind that long B flat on 'baby'!"

MAMMA (who had been dozing, with a shriek): "Mercy on us! My child!"

(Rushes off to the night Nursery. Sensation!)

—Punch.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(Herr Pumpnickel, having just played a Composition of his own, bursts into tears.)

CHORUS OF FRIENDS: "Oh, what is the matter? What can we do for you?"

HEER PUMPNICKEL: "Ach! nousing! nousing! Bot ven I hear really coot music, zen must I always weep!"

—Punch.

## STATISTICS.

THE LIFE COST OF WAR.—A statistical account of the Prussians killed and wounded during the Franco-German war has been published at Berlin by Fischer and Co. The total number of combatants, either killed or wounded, amounted to 88,867, comprising 4,658 officers and 84,209 men. Of the officers, 879, or 18.8 per cent., were killed on the spot; 1,447, or 31 per cent., were seriously wounded; 1,979, or 42.4 per cent., were slightly wounded; 353, or 7.8 per cent., returned simply as wounded. Of the 3,779 wounded officers, 495 died subsequently from the effects of their wounds. The wounds, taken in connection with the instrument producing them, were—56,062 from gun-shots; 5,084 from shells; 595 from bayonets; 239 from fragments of

stone, earth, &c. (thrown up by shells); in 2,598 the nature of the cause was not returned. The following numbers give a good idea of the parts most exposed to injury from gun-shots. It seems strange that the head should have been struck more frequently than the chest:—Head, 17.4 per cent.; arm, 13.7; thigh, 10.6; chest, 8.8; hand, 8.1; knee, 2.7; back, 2.3. The fact that the cases of sabre-wound did not exceed 218 would seem to indicate a sparing use of cavalry during the war.

## THE HONEYSUCKLE'S LESSON.

Is there a speech and sentiment  
In the soft colours and the scent  
Of flowers, the alphabet of Heaven,  
For our sweet delectation given?  
Do flowers of spring  
No rays of hope and promise bring?

"Behold the lilies of the field,"  
Whose beauty and whose fragrance  
yield  
A grateful, tender thought within  
"They told not, neither do they spin,"  
Yet Solomon  
In no such radiant glory shone.

A pure, sweet honeysuckle vine,  
That creeps across a neighbour's line,  
With blossoms golden, pink and white,  
And honey nectar, the delight  
Of velvet bees,  
That praise it in soft melodies—

Lines with bright bloom my neighbour's  
walls,  
And there in silent sweetness crawls  
Over the hindering fence, and clings  
To stalks like lovers joined with rings.  
Oh, welcome, sweet,  
Fair wanderer with noiseless feet!

What tender message do you bring?  
With dew-sweet lips, why do you cling  
About my bushes, plants and flowers,  
Sweet'ning another's garden borders,  
Filling the air  
With perfume as a breath of prayer?

Thou comest from a neighbour near,  
And thou art ever welcome here.  
The box of alabaster sweet  
Once broken at the Master's feet,  
Where hot tears fell,  
Was not more grateful to the smell

Oh, sweet child of the smiling sun,  
Thy vines like benedictions run  
Across the acute surveyor's lines,  
Each blossom like a blessing shines  
Abroad at home—  
Lines limit not thy sweet perfume.

Did the wind whisper soft and low  
And tell thee where thy feet should go?  
Or art thou, like the heliotrope,  
Lured by the light? or is thy scope  
At home too small,  
Like a blithe child thou climbst the  
wall?

Heed not the hum of jealous bees,  
That love thee for thy luxuries,  
Nor flattery of humming birds,  
For flatterers cheat with honied words.  
I welcome thee  
To share my hospitality.

G. W. B.

## GEMS.

SUFFER not your thoughts to dwell on the injuries you have received, or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting injuries at the time you receive them, but let them grow less and less every moment, till they die out of your mind.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

Why is a man who can't learn by experience like a laurel? Because he is an evergreen.

Do not express your opinion too freely and decidedly when it differs from those around you, merely for the sake of saying what "I think," when no good will be done.

NEVER chide your husband before company, nor prattle abroad of mishaps at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up before than after it has taken air.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

### MEAT.

TO COOK BREASTS IN DIFFERENT WAYS.—How long you are to leave a steak on the fire is an entirely a question of judgment and skill, as well as a matter of taste, that it is impossible to give any rule about it. You should turn your steak as soon as it has been on the fire a few minutes, and keep turning it still done. This process prevents the formation of a hard rind of overdone meat. For a steak to be well cooked, it ought to be equally done throughout its thickness, but not by any means overdone, and consequently dry. Sprinkle the steak freely with salt when serving, not before.

1. Mix together a handful of finely-minced parsley, and a goodly lump of butter, which place on the steak, the heat of which will melt it by the time it is served. This is what they call here steak à la Parisienne. Fried potatoes are usually served with it.

2. Mince a number of stoned olives, and knead with a lump of butter, putting it on the steak as it is sent up to table.

3. Mince a pod or two of shallots, put them in a saucepan, with a lump of butter and a little pepper, and when they begin to brown pour over the steak.

4. Squeeze the juice of a lemon in a saucepan, add to it a good piece of butter and a very little grated nutmeg; when the butter is quite melted, pour over the steak.

5. Mince a few button mushrooms, give them a turn or two in a saucepan, with a piece of butter and a little pepper, and pour over the steak.  
Slices cut off a leg of mutton, and cooked as steaks, are very good eating.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SPITZ dogs in America are doomed, owing to their savageness and liability to hydrophobia. In Williamsburg, Virginia, a slaughter of nearly every Spitz in the city has been begun, and as there are over 4,000 of the breed in the neighbourhood, hundreds are being shot every week. The frequent cases of dog-bite have led to this decision.

ABOUT 250,000 barrels of apples were exported from America last year to Europe. More than half this quantity was sent to England, and about 11,000 went to St. Petersburg.

BARON DE HUMBOLDT is surpassed. The celebrated traveller, in making the ascent of Chimborazo, attained the highest point ever reached by the foot of man. M. Charles Wiener, who is charged with a scientific mission by the French Government, has just ascended Mount Illimani, in South America, a height of 20,112 feet, while Chimborazo measures only 18,000 feet. M. Wiener, exercising a right consecrated by custom, has given that point on which he was the first to set foot the name of the Peak of Paris.

GERMANY furnishes annually 120,000 fox skins, 20,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 pole-cats, 8,000 badgers, and 60,000 hare skins. In rabbit skins, she sends out only 300,000, as compared with the 6,000,000 of France. The list closes with 400,000 domestic cat skins.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The Exhibition, instead of being closed at dusk, will, it is said, be opened in the evening, and illuminated by jets of electric light, passed through the well-known candles of M. Jablockhoff. This process gives an enormous amount of light, with very little heat, one jet being as good as about 150 gas-burners, and yet giving no more heat than an ordinary candle. The danger, too, is inappreciably small.

The boy that went to the mill on horseback, carrying the grist in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, when reproved by the miller, and told to divide the grist, replied that his father and grandfather had carried it that way, and he, being no better than they, should continue to do so as they did. Similar, or equally as absurd, reasons are accounted as sufficient by some to warrant them in indiscriminately condemning everything new.

It is stated that the Prince Imperial is about to issue a proclamation, setting forth that in 1880 he will submit himself to the ordeal of a plebiscite.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W.-1. Either two or three times a day take a wine-laseful of wormwood tea—a warm bath occasionally. Mix of sulphur and elder-flower water mixed till creamy make a good lotion to be applied at night and washed off in the morning with warm water. As, however, these blemishes are the result of some functional disorder, a course of treatment by a properly qualified practitioner is desirable. 2. Face the water as much as possible, then apply lunar caustic or caustic acid, repeating the operation till they are gone. 3. See our answer to "Dusty," No. 738.

F. S.—Contribution declined with thanks.

ALLAN G.—Your first communication must have miscarried, as it has not yet reached us. 1. The ancient ballad called "Elster Tannhäuser" (Tannhäuser the knight) has been for a long period a popular favourite in Germany, and is a strange mingling of the olden classical mythology with Christian customs—as exemplified in the odd juxtaposition of the names of Venus and Pope Urb n. The fantastic legend has been utilised by Tieck in his "Phantasia" and Wagner in his celebrated opera. The name of the hero does not seem to possess any significance with regard either to the tradition or the libretto of the opera. As, however, he is supposed to have flourished in the early portion of the third century of our era, it is probable that the primitive Teutonic appellation was chosen from a sense of its fitness for the poet-knight who was the descendant of those hardy forest dwellers the leafy arcades of whose resorts were the types of the glorious roofs of our own Gothic minsters. The "pine-tree dwellings," or "dwellings amid the pine-trees," which may be taken as the literal equivalent of the name, are as fit a cognomen for the stock of Hermann as can well be imagined, and nearly akin to our own Saxon patronymic of "Woodhouse." 2. The Delphinium, an old-fashioned and showy favourite, is so named from a fancied resemblance of its nest-like to the conventional figure of a dolphin (delphin). Blue of various shades is the prevailing hue of these plants, but several white species are cultivated, of which we may name Delphinium elatum (originally from Armenia), D. album (a garden variety), and D. consolida (of Iberian extraction) as the most distinguished. Any good seedsmen's catalogue will give you some perhaps novel as well as beautiful garden varieties. 3. All the bees numbers of THE LONDON READER are in print, and may be had of the publisher. No extra charge is made for any of them.

DEER.—A mile and a quarter and sixteen yards.

FRANCIS S.—We cannot tell how it came about that the wrong initials were affixed to your poem, but we are very sorry for the mistake, which was probably a printer's error. For the rest we refer you to our answer to yourself in No. 747.

AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.—See answer to "J. N. C." in No. 747.

FLO.-1. Many things are recommended as being useful in removing freckles. We have supplied our correspondents with several methods from time to time. It is said that strawberry (and sometimes lemon) juice applied to the face at night, and washed off in the morning without soap, will effect the desired end. A good lotion is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of scraped horseradish with a teaspoonful of sour milk. After this has stood for several hours it may be frequently applied with a lichen rag. Another lotion is composed of three grains of borax dissolved in five drachms of rose-water and five drachms of orange-flower water, to be used morning and evening. See answer to "Harry," No. 738. 2. Fourteen is decidedly not "old enough to go out with a fellow." 3. So much depends upon individual taste that we should not like to state authoritatively which are the prettiest, but for our own part we prefer brown.

UNEDUCATED.—From your description of the facts of the case it is clear that the creditors of whom you justly complain can have no particle of real claim against you. Their conduct seems to be an impudent attempt to coerce you into paying debts with which you have nothing to do. As there was no property to administer to the deceased's liabilities cannot be yours. Return unopened all letters addressed to you as executor, take a defiant stand, threatening them in return if need be, and fear nothing as to the result.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the  
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 GREATNESS.**

A VERY ANXIOUS ONE.—State your case to a magistrate, who will give you the best possible advice, as the father—if really in earnest and not merely threatening—might eventually be able to make good his claim to the child, whose maintenance you might be able to secure notwithstanding.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Before marriage both contracting parties must either be of age or have the consent of parents or guardians; but if, to overcome this disability, a false declaration be made, very serious consequences might ensue. Wait awhile. Don't marry in haste and repent a leisure.

W. G.—Because salt is one of its component parts.  
 KATE.—Dip the linen in boiling water and apply salts of lemon to the stains.

## THE CHURCH BELL'S STORY.

I HEAR the bell from the steeple  
 Four forth its music clear,  
 Calling to church the village folks  
 From homesteads far and near.

It speaks to me of a Sunday  
 Far back among the days that are dead,  
 When life was young and hope's wide sky  
 Was cloudless overhead.

A hand in my own was resting,  
 It trembled, and so did mine,  
 As we pledged our lives' whole trust and faith,  
 On devotion's sacred shrine.

The parson gave us his blessing  
 As he pronounced the word,  
 The sweetest that ever loving hearts  
 On their nuptial day e'er heard.

The years have swiftly vanished  
 Since that auspicious day,  
 And our lives have neatly been as calm  
 As a peaceful stream away.

I have sailed the ocean over  
 And visited climes afar;  
 I have stood in old cathedral aisles  
 Where the grandest organs are.

I have heard the sweetest music  
 That lips have ever sung;  
 I have heard the rarest eloquence  
 Ever spoken by human tongue.

But richer, purer, and sweeter,  
 Than all of these e'er can be,  
 Is the story that the old church bell  
 Is sweetly telling to me.

C. D.

MAUD W., sixteen, tall, light hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be loving, fond of home.

S. W., E. C., A. C., and E. B., four friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of four young men with a view to matrimony. S. W. is twenty-three, medium height, dark hair and eyes. E. C. is twenty, short, dark hair and eyes. A. C. is twenty, short, light hair, blue eyes. E. B. is twenty-three, medium height, brown hair, grey eyes. Respondents must be good-looking, fond of home.

ALFRED, twenty, tall, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Must be tall and fair.

OLEE and JULIENNE, two cousins, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. Olee is sixteen, medium height, fair. Julienne is seventeen, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of home and music.

H. B. and M. A., two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. H. B. is good-looking, fair. M. A. is dark, good-looking. Must be about thirty, fond of home.

WILLIAM, thirty, well-educated, good-looking, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with a lady about his own age.

W. J. C. B., tall, dark, of a loving disposition, a gunner in the R.M.A., wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

A. E. B. A., medium height, fair, curly hair, of a loving disposition, a corporal in the R.M., would like to correspond with a young lady.

GUR & CROW, medium height, fair, of a loving disposition, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady.

E. A. and K. E., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. E. A. is eighteen, light hair, blue eyes. K. E. is nineteen, dark hair, dark brown eyes. Both of a loving disposition.

ROMEO, eighteen, medium height, good-looking, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with a good-looking young lady.

A. H. M., eighteen, medium height, fond of home, considered good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age, medium height, of a loving disposition.

GERTIE, LIZZIE, and LOTTIE, three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Gertie is twenty-four, dark, fond of home. Lizzie is twenty-two, fair, good-looking, fond of home. Lottie is fair, good-looking, fond of home and music.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

MARIAN is responded to by—Action Front, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, fair, medium height, fond of home.

MARY W. by—Action Right, a seaman in the Royal Navy, eighteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of children and music.

MOTA by—Ready Jack, a seaman in the Royal Navy, nineteen, sunburnt hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, fond of children.

EDMUND G. W. by—P. F., twenty-one, light hair, blue eyes.

ENGINE DRIVER by—Emma, twenty-one, dark hair, hazel eyes, tall.

HENRY W. by—Phoebe, eighteen, fair, blue eyes, good-looking.

NELLY by—A. J. H., twenty-seven.

EMILY E. M. by—Engineer, thirty-three, tall, fair, and very fond of home.

WILLIAM by—Annie E., a widow, about his own age, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home.

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